Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

"How you've changed," said an old acquaintance in my office the other day. There was a tone of sadness, almost of reproach in his voice which wounded me. I had not seen him more than to shake hands and say "howdy" in eighteen years, yet I felt bound to like him just as I once did and to be as glad to see him as if we had met on the same old farm. I assured him that while I naturally had changed physically in all those years my regard for him and pleasure in seeing him were only intensified. It was no use, he knew different and the longer we were together the more certain I became that he was right. He was a sort of sentimental fellow, that was why I had liked him in the old days when sentiment was scarce and labor incessant. "Do you know," said he "that all my old friends seem to have changed? I feel quite alone!" I assured him that he imagined it, but after he had gone and I examined myself, I wondered why I had denied so simple a truth. Of course old friends change—they are not exempt from change nor should we expect them to be. We should try to change with them if they are progressive. If we do not watch out our friends will outrun us, or we may outrun them. If ten years ago you were twenty years old your tastes were unformed and your habits of thought and conduct were changing every month. The friends you loved then thought and *changed* as you did. When you became separated from them influences operated upon them which did not influence you, while you yielded to influences which were unknown to them. Is it strange that in a little time, impelled by different motives and surrounded by dissimilar circumstances, you should diverge in your tastes, opinions and habits? It would be a most astounding thing if you did not grow apart. Yet unreasoning vanity and thoughtless affection demand that we shall not grow! that we shall not change! Let us recognize the truth, which no end of lying will alter, that friendship, love even, cannot outlast the sympathies of life and the influences which make us what we are. If when the lives begin to slip apart, love or friendship be strong enough to say: At this point *we* part or forever join our fortunes, then the sacrifice may be easily made, for neither have yet exploited the possibilities which lie beyond. Together he or she may change and still be alike, but woe to the friendship or love if they change and be different. Friends change! Certainly! That there may be in the heart an ocean of untried friendship will not prevent the inevitable process of change from going on. Every seven years we physically become a new man or a new woman Can we expect our sympathies, our tastes, our less material self to be less ephemeral? This being true, old friends should not be exacting, and those who must live together should be careful to grow together.

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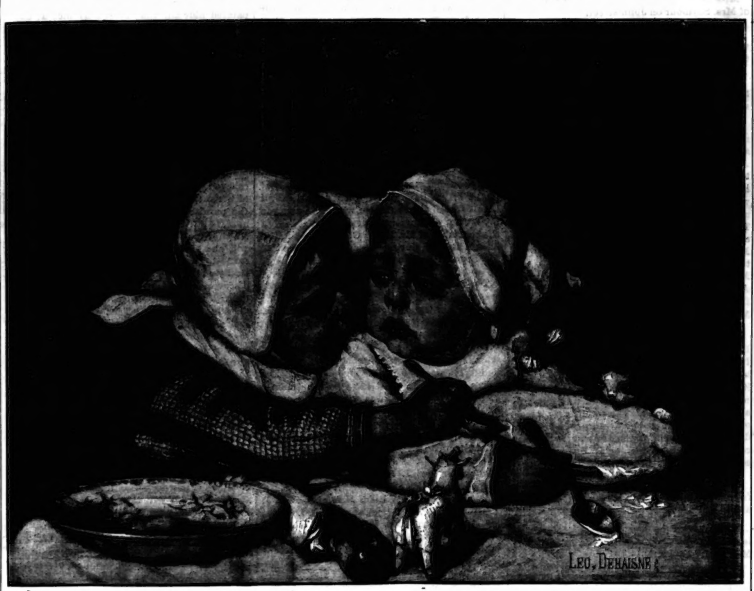
After years of separation did you ever happen to meet an old friend who in the meantime had grown rich or prominent? I remember such a case; the reunion took place some years ago. I felt very diffident about calling upon him, but had promised some of his relatives to do so. When I entered his office he looked up sharply and in the abrupt voice of business politeness asked what he could do for me. It was almost evening and my back was towards the light—I thought of this afterwards when I was trying to poultice a sore place in my feeling by summing up extenuating circumstances—and he did not recognize me, at the time I believed he did not wish to. A quick uprising of bitterness impelled me to say I had not come to solicit alms, but to see a man who had once been my companion and friend. He jumped up, and catching me by the shoulder, half-turned me around and then seized me by the hand, and calling me by name, declared himself delighted to see me. I didn't believe him. Yet in his words and tone there was the same ring I remembered so well. The excitement, the unforgotten oddities of speech, the jollity of expression died out after a few sentences had been exchanged, and we both felt ill at ease. He admitted that he was busy, and arranged to meet me next evening at eight. I felt unstrung and sorry beyond description when I went away. All the "old times" faded away, and I would have given a year of my life to have cancelled that chilly fifteen-minute interview. I tried to excuse him and blame myself for having been offish, but the distaste for meeting him again grew upon me until I wrote a note excusing myself. I could not mail it. The hope that I might be wrong held my hand and at the appointed hour I was on hand. He was gay, I was solemn but tried to affect cheerfulness, he proposed a bottle of wine and I accepted, feeling that this would indeed be the final test. It loosened our tongues and, Great Cæsar! what a talk we had. He told me how my constraint affected him, and I confessed how his wealth and prominence had plugged me all up. Old days in the harvest field, experiences on threshing day, frolics and bees and singing schools, the good Lord only knows what I came up and we laughed and talked over the past until he began to give me a chance to talk futures and I was ready to tell of my plans and prospects and he was not unwilling to give me an insight into his own hopes. We could sympathize with one another even though he was so far ahead, and having the same old standpoint and mainsprings built just alike we wandered on and on till the grey dawn told us that another day was breaking. "Do you know, old man," said he as we leaned against the portal of my hotel "I'm gladder than ten thousand dollars could make me that you and I have not grown apart. My acquaintances tell me that I am not like I used to be, that I am changed, that luck has spoiled me. Lots of the old boys have been to see me and I have felt bored and wished I could hire somebody to entertain them. Every time I found a difference in an old chum I grew more and more to believe I had grown cold and unloving, greedy and ambitious. When you and I met I felt the old thrill, but you did not respond. Now, said I to myself, this is the final test, if he can't understand me I must have gone wrong. I sat and figured the thing up and determined to act on the presumption that you were somehow afraid of me because I had had a little luck. Was I right?" I admitted the corn but assured him that after all I was with him in spirit now just as I used to be. "Do you mind how I used to go home with you nights and how we sat on the drive house bridge and talked and talked?" Yes, I remembered that, and how he had told me the night before he went away to try his fortunes that he had resolved never again to do a dollar's worth of work for a dollar. "I asked you how much you intended to charge for a dollar's worth of work and you in the moonlight raised your head, stiffened your back and said: 'Five dollars!'" How he laughed as he recalled the conversation. "I've stuck to it, Don, and it has made me rich. Do you mind that after we were done talking, I decided to go in and sleep with you that night, just for luck? Well, I'm going to do the same to-night." We slept together just as we did years before under the brown rafters of my attic room. Dear old fellow, we had not grown apart.



ROBBERY.

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Woodstock is in the neighborhood of Princeton where Burchell is alleged to have murdered Benwell. Last Sunday night at Knox Church Rev. Dr. McMullen, ex-moderator, is reported to have thanked God that there is a hell for people guilty of such crimes, and said he had no desire to be in heaven with a man who had committed so foul a deed. On this page I have often had occasion to endeavor to excuse clergymen for saying things in a moment of oratorical flatulency, which under other circumstances would never have been heard. Let us think of Dr. McMullen's meaning. "He thanked God that there was a hell," that is to say he liked God better because He had made a hell than he would have if He had not made a hell. By "hell" we must believe him to mean the orthodox and sulphurous place where men, predestined to go there before they were born, are put on an eternal gridiron and grilled and frizzled throughout countless millions of ages, while their tongue hangs out like that of Dives, rolling and burning for just one drop of water. A man who can be glad that God made such a place for anybody, should be careful lest, while he thinketh he standeth, he may take a sudden fall and find himself in the place he is so glad about, even if it contains such men as the Princeton murderer. Dr. McMullen, if he is correctly reported, said he had no desire to be in heaven "with a man who had committed so foul a deed." The majority of us are not worrying so much about the company as to get there somehow, but I hope the reverend gentleman will not think me irreverent when I express the fact that my desire to be in heaven would not be intensified by the prospect of meeting in the white robed throng a man who is glad that God made an orthodox hell for anybody. Supposing Burchell to have killed Benwell and a hundred others, his deliberate cruelty would have been trifling and excusable as compared with that of the great Creator of the universe, who cannot be tempted by gain or impelled by revenge, had in His own good pleasure created a hell such as Dr. McMullen believes in if he is orthodox, for just one man. The agonies of that one man—who, if the doctrine of predestination be true, was elected to go there and could not escape—between now and the terrible Never would be incomparably more awful than the instantaneous death of a thousand victims, but when we add to this the stupendous monstrosity of a hell for millions of millions of non-elect men and women lasting forever and forever, it leaves Burchell as a white robed angel alongside of clergymen who are guilty of such a belief and are glad of it.

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At the Ministerial Association last Monday the Rev. Mr. Milligan, who is always to be relied upon for a dogmatic paper, read one entitled, "What is the Authority in Religious Truth?" He claimed it was definite, unchangeable. He did not believe that it could be made to appear uniformly the same to everyone. He believes "the beauty of a church is in its complexity and the motto should be, 'In essentials unity, in non essentials charity, and in all things liberty.'" This came with rather odd grace after he had just spoken of the subtle forms of ritualism, which being of a non-essential character should come under the head of charity, and right after it came a tirade against Archbishop Walsh, whom he accused of taking thousands of our citizens, hiving them off and teaching them prejudices. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell was present and twitted Mr. Milligan on having himself departed from "authority," even coming under the head of ritualism, as he had allowed an organ in his church which he had heard combined the worst and most seductive section of the ritual of prelacy and popery. Professor Workman of Victoria University made some timely remarks in which he said that he paid less heed to authority than some men do, and he even went so far as to refuse to accept the first two characteristics, pointed out by Mr. Milligan, "its definiteness and unchangeableness." He even inquired of the author of the extremely superficial essay as to what he meant by "indefiniteness." Prof. Workman saw a great divergence in regard to the truths accepted by various churches—truths which, by the way, are felt to be authoritative by those who subscribe to them. Worse still, the learned professor pointed out, as to the unchangeableness of truth our conceptions are continually broadening. Truly enough they are broadening, and thank God for it. If they had not widened out from the narrow conceptions of early Protestantism they would not have held within their borders enough people to have divided into the number of churches which now endeavor to adapt themselves to the wants of the multitude. In the report of Professor Workman's remarks he concluded by hoping "that the churches would go on from authority to evidence, from dogma to proof." I reckon they do not have many professors of this sort at the Ministerial Association, or by this time the Rev. Mr. Milligan would have learned to limit truth to what is and can be accepted by all Christians in the light they have and he might have had less to say about its definiteness and unchangeableness. Some of the brethren of the Association desired to talk about tax exemptions and a movement was set afoot to discuss it at the next meeting but it did not meet with general approbation. Bro. Macdonnell, with something very like sarcasm, suggested that the Association was not "authoritative" and hinted that truth, as applied to paying taxes lacked definiteness, and he seemed to think it was desirable that it should have unchangeableness. In fact the brethren in the same facetious spirit seemed to jump on Bro. Milligan's paper and pick it to pieces even while discussing tax exemptions. The Rev. Mr. Frizzell, the new Moderator, a gentleman none too broad in many respects, expressed his entire approval of Mr. Neil's sentiments in favor of abolishing tax exemptions of all kinds. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland—can it be the same Rev. Dr. Sutherland who is at the head of the Third party which heeds nothing but truth and righteousness—hinted that "the Boards of Trustees had something to do with the subject." Now, really it pains me to the core that Bro. Sutherland—if it be the same who is trying to teach absolute and authoritative truth, untainted and lustrous righteousness as the chief end of politics—should intimate that clergymen, the very goodest of the good, should hesitate on the brink of this tax exemption question because the Boards of Trustees "had something to do with the subject," that is to say they have charge of the boodle. Surely boodle has not crept into the meditations and prayerfulness of these gentlemen who meet together to consider authoritative truth. If it be wrong and unjust to maintain tax exemptions is it possible that the Rev. Dr. Sutherland and the Rev. Mr. Milligan and the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and the Rev. Dr. Stafford would hesitate in denouncing the system and using the influence of the Association to abolish it simply because the Board of Trustees might dock the taxes off the salaries? Yet what does it mean? "Truth is definite and unchangeable." The truth is Christ paid His taxes and did not teach the apostles to try to sneak out of theirs. It is equally true that no man is so good that he should be relieved by statute or in any other way from being a citizen and sharing the burdens of citizenship. This is pretty much of a definite truth, and until brother Milligan and Rev. Third Party Sutherland are translated to the beautiful Beyond it will be unchangeable. What puzzles and disturbs the unsanctified mind is the way the brethren stumble and shuffle about, when the Board of Trustees looms up and salaries and summer vacations float like tantalizing mirages between the minds of the saints and definite truth. I sympathize with the Association or at least that section of it which is scared to have an opinion on this question, because a man who is frightened is never happy. I am sorry for the congregations of these gentlemen because a man who is afraid never dare have an authoritative opinion and hesitates to be definite and unchangeable with regard to anything. I am afraid our Preachers' Parliament gains no strength by being reported. It is possible that out of the discussion they get ideas for next Sunday's sermon but the general public I fear also get ideas which make the next Sunday's sermon of a little less value.

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I have to thank the correspondents who have so kindly volunteered as members of "our club." Nearly all the replies came too late to find a place this week, and therefore I give but one which is somewhat racy and unconventional and will, doubtless, suggest some criticisms on the part of others, I hope I may have many others in the same breezy strain as the following:

MOST ENTERTAINING DON,—Though I had a "lawt" of work mapped out for to-night—you say lawt over there for lot—I noticed in your chats about town, a request for ideas regarding a pleasant evening. I timidly venture, though living in "the States," to give my idea; not of what people call "a perfectly delightful evening with you," or "I have had a really charming evening," but what to me seems an edifying and entertaining few hours at the home of a friend, or at one's own home, with that privilege of privileges, a group of congenial friends.

The ideal evening is not to me one where the emphasis of the entertainment is cards. That is too much like sawing wood, and such entertainments (?) are only to be excused on this score, that people who never entertained before because of the dread of the responsibility of planning that a number of people shall be happy for a few hours must do it this way or not at all; these people may now simply open their doors, turn the crowd loose and let them begin to play cards at the top of the bill; no introduction, (but I believe the 400 do not introduce in your country), no conversation, no nothin'. Any one can entertain (?) that way, and the only glimpse one has of hospitality is when the very conventional refreshments are served. These usually, at least over here, consist of chicken salad, the everlasting; of angels' food, a tough leathery cake which would soon turn a seraph into a demon; ice cream and coffee.

I sometimes wonder if the American nation is not ashamed of the paucity of its dishes and the inferiority of its cuisine, but here I am "assaing" the dishes when I ought to be telling Mr. Don and his circle what, to my mind, constitutes an enjoyable evening.

It is this:- Have a group of people who are congenial, whose tastes are just dissimilar enough so that conversation will have piquancy, but not so narrow and intolerant that one is continually hampered by bumping up against what George Eliot calls "the sunk fence of their prejudice;" plenty of conversation, a little music, if one or two of the number are really good musicians, and a little Rhine wine and light refreshments, perhaps Russian tea, caviar, sandwiches, lobster, or anything one chooses. Seat your guests at a table if you can, and the closer the better, then the electric current will warm and make them happy. A glass of wine, if it is good wine, will aid in enlivening the conversationalists and what is more delightful than an evening with improving talk and music?

The salons of Mme. De Stael, Mme. Mohl, and others of the brilliant women of the First Empire, are my ideals of social gatherings. Then women and men were compelled to cultivate their conversational talent, because it was demanded in their society. Nowadays, while there are not the same needs for these salons, because political intrigue and plotting, while they exist, are not so mysterious and secret; we do not even have evenings where the art of conversation is called into requisition, and it therefore seems to be declining. I would if I could write a book on the Rise and Fall of the Art of Conversation—for that seems to be threatening us since the advent of the progressive euchre party and other similar frivolous modes of entertainment.

So, to sum it up: My evening is very simple. A little talk, a little listen, a little sing, a little eat and drink.

If Mr. Don does not dump me in the wicker dungeon, I may return some of these days and speak again when spoken to.

Toledo, O. LUCIUS M.

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It has been said, "That there is no proposition so monstrously untrue in morals or politics that we will not undertake to prove it by something which shall sound like a logical demonstration from admitted principles." The *Globe*, having finally adopted the posture of apologist for the dual languages, dual system of public education, and such a policy of government as will continue to separate our community by race and religious barriers, seeks to make excuse for itself by trying to prove that in reality the Protestants of Quebec and the Catholics of Ontario can have equal educational rights in no other way. It argues that if Roman Catholic separate schools are abolished in Ontario, Protestant separate schools will be abolished in Quebec, the majority in both instances having an equal right to do this. It admits that Ontario would be doing a less injustice to the minority by forcing her system of public schools on the Roman Catholics than the Roman Catholics of Quebec would be in forcing their public schools on the Protestants of Quebec, inasmuch as the public schools of Ontario are really non-sectarian, while those of Quebec are doubtless Roman Catholic. But the *Globe* asks: "Who is to be the judge of what is non-sectarian?" This clumsy sophist must admit that there is a test by which sectarianism can be discovered and a very easy one, that where there is no religion taught there can be no religious sectarianism. Its one argument falls to the ground when it admits that the difficulty of the position would be because of the claim French-Canadians would make that their system is non-sectarian even while it is notoriously so. The *Globe* holds that even if the school system of Ontario were thoroughly secularized and the minority in Quebec demanded that the same should be done there, the French-Canandians could make the claim that their schools are thoroughly secular and there is no rule by which we could prove the contrary to be true. The *Globe* must have firm faith in the brazen untruthfulness of the French-Canadians if it believes that they are willing to call their religious system of education secular. Its argument is simply a subterfuge. If the Ontario system of public education were made entirely secular, that is, contain no element of religious instruction of which the Catholics could make complaint, the Equal Rights theory would be fully carried out and the Protestants of Quebec would have no reason to be afraid of the application of the Equal Rights test to education in their province, for the same rule if applied there would leave both Catholic and Protestant on the same footing, the child of neither would find any interference with its religion. What more could be asked? The lion in the path is the determination of the hierarchy to continue the separate

school system in both provinces and the readiness with which French Canadians are willing to aver that black is white and that they are entirely patriotic, liberal and unprejudiced, even when they are doing that which has not the slightest semblance of liberality or patriotism. The *Globe* may as well admit that it demands for the French Canadians liberty to pursue their narrow, sectarian and racial ideal free from any interference on our part, while they shall be permitted to obstruct our ideas of progress and destroy what the best thought of the country believes necessary to unity and permanence.

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In spite of the really uncalled-for discouragement felt at the issue of the conference with the railroad managers by the promoters of the viaduct scheme, efforts to protect our water front are not being abandoned but are indeed showing an increase of enthusiasm. The railroad people have succeeded in stirring up the citizens and the campaign is to be made more vigorous than ever. A system of public meetings has been resolved upon at which the people will have an opportunity of demonstrating that the government will not be permitted to interfere with our water front or grant it to the Canadian Pacific without a bitter protest which may include forcible resistance. There is a general feeling that it is no use to fight the C.P.R., for the Government has in the past granted them everything they wanted, and will be likely in the present instance to yield to their entire demands. It may seem anarchistic to talk of resisting such spoliation by force, but that is something which railroads themselves resort to. For instance, when one railroad has been granted a right of way across another, it is not unusual for the railroad in possession to keep a train moving backwards and forwards over the point where a crossing is sought to be effected, thus forcibly preventing their rivals from obtaining that which the Legislature has granted them. Not infrequently men are killed in contests of this kind and the railroad is excused because it is "protecting" its rights. If efforts are made to seize our water front it will not be surprising if a similar plan of resistance is offered by the city. Before the railroads are done with this fight they will find out that for once the city has found it possible to prevent that which the government should have prevented and to protect that which found no protection in our laws. If the citizens ever get into a real up-and-down fight in this matter we may be sure that they will not be beaten.

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Burchell, the alleged murderer is doubtless a very bad young man and a host of suspicious circumstances point to him as the perpetrator of a most heartless and revolting crime, but the newspapers should remember that he has not been convicted and deserves a fair show for his life. It is becoming the habit to speak of him as the murderer of Benwell. The other day an evening paper published a map showing "the spot where Burchell murdered Benwell." This is carrying it a little too far. It is possible someone else committed the crime and while that possibility exists the minds of the public should not be firmly set by such declarations.

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The Rykert revelations in the House of Commons show a political debasement, which for brazen effrontery is almost unexampled in the history of modern legislative bodies. That Parliament did not ask for the immediate resignation of Rykert shows to what extent our public men are willing to tolerate corruption in one another. It is impossible to find any palliating circumstances when a man is convicted over his own signature in such voluminous correspondence of such unparalleled indecency. It is barely possible that the party to which Rykert belongs may find yet some loop hole for his escape. If they do, it will do more to taint the party, which is not now blest with an overly clean reputation, than the condoning of a dozen such petty jobs as the Minister of Public Works has recently been shown to have permitted. Responsible government as worked out in Canada I have long contended to be a most irresponsible affair. Confederation is admittedly held together by the bribery of provinces, constituencies and corporate and private interests, and corruption of this sort has become so common that individual wrong-doing has ceased to be shocking to those in Parliament or even to those in the constituencies who elect our representatives. Possibly the best thing that could happen us would be the acceptance by the majority of a report whitewashing Rykert. The whole thing is so plain and the charges so clearly proven that it would certainly have some effect in arousing public sentiment to a sense of the degradation which is overtaking our politics.

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The present session of Parliament will be remembered in history as a very lively one, not only on account of the racial and religious questions which have been discussed, but because of the glaring evidences of the rottenness permeating a system in which the government unblushingly purchases the support of constituencies by building postoffices and erecting unnecessary public works where they will influence the voting. It is a thankless job to speak evil of anything within one's own country, or to cast suspicion on our system of government, but it is folly to be blind to the facts. Those who read the Parliamentary reports in any of the newspapers must be aware that the facts are disgraceful.

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According to the modern *Globe* a man who does not believe in separate schools and dual language is a nasty Tory. On Thursday the enlightened organ of ecclesiasticism and French-Canadianism proceeded to read Attorney-General Martin of Manitoba out of the Liberal party. It is hard on the party to lose one of its very few brave men, but Hon. Mr. Martin can probably stand it all right after the first awful thud of this crushing blow passes off. By the great memory of George Brown these be strange times!

DON.

He—Nice night, isn't it?
She—Yes, good night.

Social and Personal.

Society has been brightening up a little during the past week. There have been many dinner parties, and other Lenten dissipations with a plentiful sprinkling of afternoon teas and luncheons. Speaking of luncheons, brings to mind the prevalence of ladies' luncheons, at which the feminine portion gather, with never a mustache around. The latest news, the weddings on the tapis, the headaches and the best recipes for wrinkles are discussed with impartiality. Not these alone of course, for society despite its maligners has eyes and ears for some things besides the gay nothings of life, and the conversation includes books, music and art.

A gentleman whose charity in judgment is a thing to be commended, said not long since that inquiries for the absent, the suffering or the troubled, and, in fact, anything that helps in the least, should be called a conversation on the "humanities." He was generous, was he not? And I honestly believe that he must have been fond of a well-made cup of tea and a little chat in a quiet corner. By the way, that reminds me that the phrase, "cup of tea," has been discountenanced in England, and would we follow the English fashion (and of course Canadians do) we shall find ourselves saying "dish" instead. For instance: "Allow me to give you a dish of tea, Mr. Newsy." Ugh! How dreadful it sounds, and what a barbarism it will continue to be until the new edge is worn off the dish.

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Captain Sparks, a gallant officer of the English army, is the guest of Mrs. Cawthra, on Beverley street.

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Mrs. Machray of Ottawa is paying a visit to Mrs. Vankoughnet.

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Mrs. Cawthra of Beverley street welcomed a large number of friends to five o'clock tea on Thursday last.

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Mrs. Melfort Boulton entertained friends at dinner on Tuesday evening.

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Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth gave a dinner party on Wednesday.

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Mrs. Foster of Queen's Park welcomed guests to dinner on Wednesday evening.

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Miss Montgomery of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. Seymour on John street.

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Mrs. Riordan of Queen's Park has issued invitations for a progressive luncheon party, to take place Tuesday next.

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Mrs. Reid of Pembroke street welcomed friends to an At Home on Saturday of last week.

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Kenmore was the scene of a very delightful musicale on Wednesday evening last. It was announced some little time ago that Mrs. Albert Nordheimer would bid her friends to one of these truly Lenten festivities during the quiet days, and Wednesday evening was the time appointed. Music, excellent music, was provided lavishly, and Mr. Pauw of Tintagel gave a recitation. Among those present were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. David Macpherson, Captain Sparks, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Strange, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Machray of Ottawa, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Miss Cockburn, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Miss Vankoughnet, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly.

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The students at McMaster Hall gave an At Home on the evening of Friday, March 7. It is a very noticeable fact that when college boys set out for a good time, they usually have it (if the elements do not interfere). This was no exception, and a merry time was spent by all the three hundred. They were very decorous, these wise men and demure women, who discussed the topics of the day and the culinary combinations furnished by R. J. Lloyd, with equal vivacity and discretion.

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Mrs. Morrison entertained many of her friends at a ladies' luncheon on Thursday afternoon.

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Mr. Guy Ross of the Bank of Montreal is leaving Toronto to take up his residence in Montreal.

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Mrs. Seymour, widow of the late Hon. Benjamin Seymour of Port Hope, has taken up her residence at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. J. Vankoughnet of Washington avenue.

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In the very exclusive city of Vienna they have an annual *fete* which is as democratic as can very well be imagined. It is called the Ragged Ball and everyone attending it is for the time on terms of perfect equality. There members of the noblest families in Austria are elbow to elbow with shop-girls, milliners and maid-servants, all mingling together on terms of the most perfect equality. Even beggars and tramps are not excluded from the festivity, as indeed, how could they be, seeing that the ball is the ball of the ragged, and that the richest of those who go are bound to assume at least the appearance of poverty? The idea of these balls was started eighteen years ago, when a few gentlemen issued invitations to the ball of them, for the purpose of at once satirizing the extravagance of fashionable Viennese and raising funds to buy clothes for poor children. The ball is always a scene of the wildest gaiety. Every one there, from the beggar to the Prince, seems bent upon having one happy night at least this Carnival, and upon forgetting for the time that there was anything to be done in life but to flirt and laugh and dance as Viennese alone can do it.

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The Toronto Riding and Driving Club meet this evening by invitation of Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly. Dinner at seven o'clock, to be followed by a dance, in one of the finest houses in the city, such is the inviting programme which has been set before the members of the club.

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Mr. Edin Heward, the popular Honorary Secretary of the above organization, leaves shortly for England. Mr. Heward's absence will probably be a long one, and if report lieth not, when he does return, he will not be unaccompanied.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, are staying with friends on Simcoe street.

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Miss Emily Laidlaw of New York is staying with relatives on Bloor street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Parlley of London, England, who have been paying a round of visits in Toronto, left this week for New York.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell gave a beauty dinner party at Government House on Tuesday of this week.

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The English society papers are telling this pretty story about Mr. Henry Gladstone, son of the Grand Old Man, who was recently married to Miss Maud Rendel: On a warm, bright moonlight night on the shores of the Gulf of Naples, a young man and a pretty girl were standing in the garden of a villa in Posillipo, admiring the lovely scene which lay before their eyes, when suddenly the gentleman bent over the shoulders of Miss Rendel and poured forth his confession of love for her. Miss Maud, for an instant, hid her face in her hands, and then without a word ran away as if frightened. The state of mind of the love-stricken young man may be imagined. As he thought the object of his love had some repugnance to him, he felt almost inclined to throw himself over the terrace wall into the sea, but contented himself with deciding to leave Posillipo the next day. But when that day came, matters changed, and as Mr. Harry was promenading up and down the garden, he heard a voice calling him by his name, he thought, even in a caressing manner. He at once turned round and in the full light of the morning sun, Mr. Harry saw the young lady who had so precipitately fled from him the evening before, and who now advanced to meet him with outstretched hands, saying, "I would not reply to you last night, fearing you were under the influence of the insidious summer evening, and of the poetical and almost magical scene, and that it was not really your heart which spoke; so I would hear in the bright daytime, if you love me, and, if this is so, tell you that I am willing to give you my life and my love." This is the true story of the courtship of Mr. Henry Gladstone and Miss Maude Rendel, during the summer, passed at Mr. Stuart Rendel's villa at Posillipo.

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The large hall at the College of Pharmacy was a gay scene on the evening of Friday last week, when the druggists gave an At Home. They arranged for a merry time and they had it—five hundred of them. The concert programme was excellent and at its conclusion whirling to music began and continued with delightful impetuosity for several hours. The dance programme must have been eminently satisfactory for many were continually on the well-prepared floor. One young druggist told me the following morning that he had "danced twenty-three dances out of twenty-five, and felt none the worse for it." The committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Mr. J. H. Mackenzie, Mr. Lloyd Wood, Mr. L. J. Conger, Mr. G. J. Little, Mr. A. M. Wright, Mr. William Murchison, Mr. J. A. Gibbons, Mr. G. A. McCann, Dr. L. Bentley, Mr. A. W. Abbott, Mr. C. D. Daniel, and Mr. W. Laidlaw, secretary. Harry Webb catered with decided success. Among those present were: Mr. John C. Lander, president of the Pharmaceutical Association, and Mrs. Lander, Mr. R. S. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mr. James Matthews, Mr. William Haskett, Miss Hackett, Mr. John B. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Howe, Mr. Ross McKenzie, Mr. E. A. Goodman, Mr. W. Dineen, Mr. F. W. Lancaster, Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Dr. J. B. King, Miss Cunningham, Mr. Dupois, Mr. F. W. Strowger, Mr. S. Foy, Prof. Early, Miss A. Hatton, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Richard Dennis, Mr. William Haldenby, Prof. and Mrs. O. R. Avison, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. R. Suthill, Mr. C. E. Nissey, Mr. J. W. Houston, Mr. C. R. Flack, Mr. J. S. Finch, Mr. J. C. Gilbonk, Mr. J. H. Hanly, Mr. S. Campbell, Mr. A. Trotter, Mr. H. C. Coates, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. E. Clancy, Mr. F. W. Meek, Mr. George Park, Mr. J. F. Gray, Mr. W. Macdougall, Mr. J. Currie, Dr. Rosebrugh, Mr. J. Davis, Mr. A. Coulter, Mr. T. H. Cleghorn, Mr. William Fahey, Mr. W. A. Horne, Mr. W. J. Douglas, Mr. T. A. Gibson, Mr. J. M. Briggs, Mr. J. MacKnight, Mr. R. Brodie, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. J. Lewis, Mr. S. M. Green, Mr. J. W. Hallett, Mr. F. Armstrong, Mr. William V., Mrs. and Miss Cook, Mr. John Fessant, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Edward Knowles, Miss Bucham, Mr. A. and Miss Reid, Mr. W. R. Madill, Mr. H. W. Burgess, Mr. F. T. Burgess, Mr. D. G. Meldrum, Mr. B. Sargant, Miss Sargant, Mr. T. H. Agnew.

•

A large audience assembled at Association Hall last Monday evening to the lecture and entertainment given by the Independent Order of Foresters, who are to be congratulated on the success of the affair. The feature of the evening was the able address of Rev. D. V. Lewis on The Present Greatness and Future Glory of the British Empire. The speaker's remarks were exhaustive in their character, and constituted a strong plea for Imperial Federation. Short addresses were delivered by Dr. Oronhyatekha, S.C.R., Mr. J. A. McGillivary, S.S., and Mr. N. F. Paterson, H.C.R. The musical portion of the programme was furnished by Mrs. Woodcock, Messrs. Fax, Mills and Gorrie.

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The members of the Argonaut Rowing Club hold a pipe concert on Monday evening. This will probably end the series of these pleasant meeting for the season.

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The approach of the Queen's Drawing-Room, with all its pomps and ceremonies, calls up stories of the martyrdom some of the fashionable ladies manage in order to be allowed to kiss the royal hand. *Modern Society* tells the following: "Some time since, a tale went the round that a very exalted lady, recently deceased, whose rank frequently obliged her to present herself before the world in that "exposure of full dress" which prevents our own sovereign opening parliament in person, managed matters by covering up her elderly charms with a cunningly contrived neck-mask of canvas and wax. This looked beautiful at a little distance and was helped out with heavy necklace, velvet ribbon and lace. The dress could be cut so low in front that courtiers would feel almost afraid to look at it, and yet the wearer could feel all serene as well as majestic, knowing that she was clothed all the while to the very throat. This lovely notion should not descend to the tomb unimitated, for many a thin matron and bony dowager of Britain's Court would feel thankful to wear a padded, painted hide-all, that looked as nice as anything at a waxwork show."

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Mrs. J. H. Wilson, wife of Dr. Wilson, M. P., of St. Thomas has been visiting at Mrs. R. G. Wilkie of Spadina avenue this week on her way home from Ottawa.

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Mrs. R. P. Crookenden of Wilton avenue entertained a large company of young people on Friday evening.

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It is all easy going with the girls now, for an inventive genius has come to their aid and relieved them from a dilemma in which hitherto they often found themselves. With the powder-puff they had been intimately acquainted from the days of childhood. Later on, they took to the hare's foot and the rouge pot, and then their difficulties commenced in earnest. Tint their charming cheeks as artistically as they might the fraud was sure to be discovered, and the perpetrators thereof treated with scant courtesy or outbursts of virtuous indignation. Then should they be in luck's way, and the flirtation in the conservatory terminate in a declaration, there was no margin left for emotion, for the blush was already there, and was likely to remain until the wet sponge and the dry towel reduced the cuticle to its normal condition. The difficulty has, however, been gloriously conquered by the adoption of a powder which only assumes its roseate hue after intervals more or less prolonged. Just as the scientific artillerist prepares his "time fuse" and adjusts it to the distance the deadly "mushell has to travel, so does the young lady select a certain strength of blushing powder according to the time that she imagines it will take the artillery of her eyes to produce a capitulation. Thus the clever general arranges her tactics, and plans the siege with such consummate tact that the enemy surrenders at discretion, and acknowledges the supremacy of the flag of victory hoisted on those roseate cheeks.

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Miss Maude Campbell of 45 Hazelton avenue left town last Saturday on a visit to St. Thomas and Oil Springs.

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Miss Grace Hollenbeck of Perrysburg, Ohio, who has been spending the past month with Miss Maude Campbell of 45 Hazelton avenue, left last Saturday for a short visit to friends in St. Thomas and Dutton before returning home.

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Over thirty lady and gentleman friends of Mr. W. G. Hurst made a call on that gentleman in the form of a surprise party, on Tuesday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent in dancing, with vocal selections during the evening from Messrs. Oliver, Stephens and Davies. The party broke up about 3 a.m., wishing Mr. Hurst a safe and prosperous journey to England, for which country he left on Thursday.

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Mrs. A. B. Barry of Bathurst street gave a pleasant At Home last Friday week.

Not Much, But Necessary.

During their honeymoon they had been sitting and sighing and talking poetry in the balcony for three hours, all of which time he had both her hands tightly clasped in his. Finally she broke forth:

"Tommy, dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed in reply.

"Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and if I draw one of my hands away to use my pocket-handkerchief, would you think it unkind of me?"

The Only Honest Paper.

A Piedmontese paper, called the *Gazette*, not long ago took a step which, for ludicrous naiveté and honesty, is probably hitherto unexampled in the history of journalism. One day the following note appeared in the paper: "We regretfully recognize the fact that the story in course of publication in this paper presents too little interest for the majority of our readers, and we find ourselves in the disagreeable situation of being obliged to suspend its publication."

Thoughtful For His Years

Old Mr. Neighborly—Why don't you hitch him to the post, sonny
Sammy—Father did, but I was afraid he might break it and get away.—*Life.*

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Boudoir Gossip.

One of the friends across the border, of whom I last week agreed to admit almost anything in the way of flashiness and dashiness, has written me a three-page remonstrance. I want to have a little talk with her, and shall begin at once. In the first place, my friend, you must not call me a Canuck. With all the dignity of my years and my brand new pencil, I rebel against the title even from a—Yankee.

I had not the least idea that you would wear that much-discussed green satin with diamonds. I can fancy your wearing pretty blue morning-gowns, with dainty lace frills. Why did I say blue? Well, because I am almost sure your hair is auburn or sunset in tinge, and the blue will emphasize its beauty. See?

I would not misjudge my cousins, for I like some of them. I admit, oh so readily, that there are dowdily-dressed people in all parts of the earth. It is my honest conviction that there are women, and many of them, in the American States who have a just sense of the fitness of things, just as there are plenty in Canada who have not. But really, my correspondent, do you not think that in general people among us dress more quietly and in less pronounced fashion than they do in the United States?

The average girl now spends almost the whole of her first half-hour in the morning in brushing her hair until it shines like the proverbial heel of our colored friend. I admire glossy braids, but when I read that the hair was likely to be combed down smoothly from each side of a center parting, I objected to Madame Fashion's motion in very terse and expressive sentences. What have we of to-day done that we should be ordered to "fix up" like the old-fashioned folks whose faded portraits adorn our small albums. There is comfort, however, in concluding that perhaps the fashion will not be ratified by custom, in which case we may go on curling bangs, purchasing hairpins and wearing veils. One thing, girls, if it does come, and any of you have the least idea of matrimony, do it hastily on the centerparting's first appearance. Your chances are ten before to three-and-a-half after.

Flowers, laces, jewels and bright colors are announced as noticeable in the Paris spring fashions. Last year was a flower season. This one promises to be a veritable garden, for the dainty blossoms are more cleverly simulated than ever before, while a far greater variety of flowers are waiting to adorn Easter bonnets. One cannot complain of flowers at any rate. No trimming is so natty, spring-like, cheery or youthful as the cleverly-wrought imitations of field, forest, or petted garden-patch beauties.

Straw hats are so pretty this season that one appreciative woman declared that it did seem a shame to trim them. Straws are combined as to variety and tint, and veritable embroidery in straw forms the brims of a few of the newest hats.

In trimming with ribbon, many shades are to be used, sometimes a bow of four cleverly-combined tints will adorn a hat of another color.

Butterflies too, are the caprice of my lady extra fashionable. She wears jet or tinsel ones on her evening gowns and in her hair, and will fasten some on the topmost cluster of buds in her new spring hat.

Dress goods are bordered, embroidered and braided for street wear. Visiting toilettes are often in combination, fine wools and silk, velvet or satin, silk and velvet, velvet and brocade, and so on through all the possible combinations which the elegant and attractive new fabrics make possible.

Fancy boots and shoes are growing into popular favor; and many are the novel styles that one may choose from. Pretty slippers with fascinatingly-high heels are of finest kid with carefully detailed embroidery in jet, silver, or steel.

Velvet-calf in various shades has a patent-leather vamp, and laced in black looks very attractive. A pretty pair in bronze green secured my special admiration.

Boots, too, share in the general rage for oddities and exaggerations. Some are made with silk or velvet tops, to match my lady's gown, while nearly all the new styles show vamps and uppers of different materials or at least of materials differently prepared.

A number of articles on the respective merits of hot and cold baths have been affording me considerable amusement. Always take cold baths, advises one extremist. Never take anything but hot baths, urges another. The logical conclusion is that hot water suits and is beneficial to some skins, while cold is the better for others. When the skin is very fine and the pores small, hot water cannot fail to be undesirable, for it dries up the delicate epidermis which requires a tonic. On the contrary, when the complexion is greasy and the pores large, hot water with a little soap cleanses it thoroughly, while a cold water douche immediately after will restore its energy. In my humble opinion, many complexions are sallow and muddy, simply because the faces are not clean. I mean it. Do not rise in wrath and call me names, but consider. Linen exposed to contact with the grimy, dust-laden air requires soap and very often "elbow grease" as well as water to cleanse it thoroughly. Many a face is duly "washed" and comes away from the operation little cleaner or healthier. Water must be warm to remove the exudations of the skin and prevent blackheads. As to soap, I must admit that I do not like to use it on my face, but I quiet my conscience by adding a little borax solution to the warm water. We can't all have enviable complexions, but, my dear friends, let us, at least, have clean faces.

CLIP CAREW.

A Seasonable Squib.

Last October the maiden in search of winter garments pondered much over the question: "What fur?"

Now, at the end of this balmy season she bitterly asks the same question. And Echo answers "Moths!"

An Unimely Question

Squiggs—Ponsonby, do you believe in the damnation of infants?

Ponsonby—Squiggs, you ought not to have asked me that question just now. A confounded little brat has just bit me in the ear with a snowball.

Church Talks.

Sunday evening was a clear and rather a cool one. The atmosphere was crisp enough to redden one's cheeks and brighten one's eyes, and I found the subdued gas light and the pleasing warmth of Zion Congregational Church very comforting to the outer woman.

This house of worship has that very desirable element of popularity—cheerfulness. It is not showily furnished, but with quiet elegance. Pulpit and pews look comfortable and the choir, situated at the left where the organ occupies an arched extension, is removed from the "eyes-front" gaze of the congregation.

Speaking of choirs, it does seem as if it adds to the dignity in general if the members are not seated in a row behind the pastor. It must be more interesting for them to see at least his profile, while one would fancy his feeling vastly more comfortable were he sure that the two contrary hairs about his crown, or his nervous shifting of papers, was not a fund of general though suppressed merriment for his choir.

It must be hard on new bonnets to sit down, but just think of the consolation when the head-gear is not new.

The music was, on the whole, good. The hymns selected were adapted to general congregational singing, except in one instance. There the tune was in a key to which many voices could not climb, and to which they flatly refused to be lifted. I must confess that my thoughts wandered considerably during its progress.

The choir singers numbered only ten on this occasion, but I was told that there were really more. I presume that on another Sunday the voices would be better balanced and unite more jollyingly in that artistic combination called harmony.

The Rev. George Sandwell's pulpit manner impresses one with its unstrained dignity. His voice is a cultivated one of extreme roundness. His enunciation and modulation are perfect, while his true emphasis and occasional natural gesture make him a very delightful exponent of Bible truths.

The sermon was an affirmative answer to the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" The arguments were based upon three propositions, the first being that without a future state this life is meaningless.

The second stand taken was that justice demands the existence of the soul after death. The third argument was that intuition compels the belief in a hereafter. In suffering, we instinctively reach out for aid not mortal, and "lips say God be pitiful, who ne'er said God be praised."

Mr. Sandwell spoke of suffering and its different effects upon several natures. A child, he said, was punished that it might learn "self control, obedience and respect for others."

To me sorrow seems just punishment. It should not crush, but check and teach us. A trouble borne with a sense of its justice must pass away from us leaving our souls purified, our wills strengthened and our minds more able to combat with and conquer sorrow in the future.

ETELKA.

The Common Enemy.

For Saturday Night.

As up Fame's rugged hill we try to climb,
Though still within the cheerless valley's gloom,
Looking with hope toward the distant time
When on the steep for us there may be room,

'Tis then some critic who, with might and main,
Proceeds to pulverise our lump of leaven,
While ignorant, perhaps, his willess brain
As is a kyuse of the way to Heaven.

W.

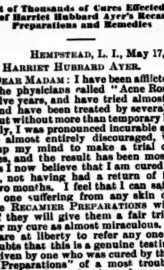
George Fails.

She (pining for pleasant words)—Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and more worthy than I?

He—I'm darned if I know.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF

MISS H. E. POWERS



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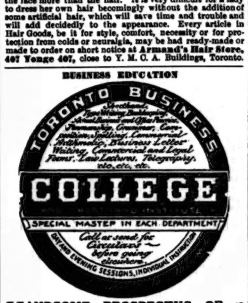

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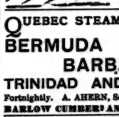

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New Fancy Silk Stripes and Checks.

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1 case assorted colors just opened out.

INSPECTION INVITED

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Every Garment Guaranteed Perfect

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

A CLEVER WOMAN.

The usually pretty boudoir was in a most disorderly condition, the immediate results of the home-coming of its mistress. The room was strewn with all the *bric-a-brac* and curious odds and ends that had been brought from Malta. A couple of maids were unpacking the trunks and putting away the gowns; near the window a small curly-haired boy was endeavoring to stand upon his head; a young lady friend was pouring out tea for the travelers and reciting the London news of the past six months.

In the midst of all this disorder and confusion sat a girl in a cool white wrapper, who was apparently unmoved by the bustle of the maids and the shrill chatter of her sister. Her face was a mass of little fluffy curls, and her large limpid eyes gave a peculiarly innocent expression to the bright young face. Her husband called her "Baby," to her friends she was "Lina," but to the world at large she was known by the dignified name of Mrs. Bertie Errington.

"It was very kind of you to come in at once, Ida. I hardly expected any friends this afternoon," said Mrs. Errington, with lazy sarcasm, as she sat sipping her tea.

"Yes; I thought I would be the first to well come you. But haven't you your husband with you? It seems funny he did not meet you at the station!"

Miss Ida Scott did not possess much tact, or she would hardly have ventured to make such a remark. There were plenty of people in town ready to hint that handsome Bertie Errington had been far from inconsolable during his wife's absence, and that, if it really had been necessary that their little boy should winter out of England, his mother would have been wise had she allowed him to go alone. It was Miss Scott's knowledge of the rumors afloat and her fervent desire to find out what amount of truth there was in them that had led her to call on her "dear friend."

"Bertie sent me a message to the station. He couldn't come himself as he was detained at the Foreign Office," answered Mrs. Errington promptly. "Sir Ryan Campbell wanted to speak to him."

Sir Ryan was Bertie's chief, and such a circumstance was not at all improbable; but it never occurred to Miss Scott that the excuse was made in consideration of "Lina either doesn't know or else she is braving it out," she thought, contemptuously. "I'd state a box of gloves that at this moment he is drinking tea with Mrs. Nevil!" So, after a little desultory chat, when the maids had been dismissed and little Syd had gone off to his nursery, Miss Scott again introduced the subject.

"I wonder whether that talk with Sir Ryan is really the reason!" she said, slowly.

Lina looked at her friend curiously. In spite of her *sang froid*, Mrs. Errington was very warmly attached to her husband, and the suggestion aroused her anxiety.

"What do you mean?" she asked, shortly.

"I was wondering if there was metal more attractive," rejoined Miss Scott. She was so intricate a scandal-monger that she determined to set her mind at rest upon this all-important point; but she forgot that she was pitting herself against an exceptionally clever woman.

The two women had been at school together, and in their boyhood her friend had learned to be exceedingly cautious as to what confidences she reposed in her. On this occasion she had hastily concluded that Bertie Errington had tired of her husband and had been amusing himself with a flirtation; but, as that was rather an ordinary occurrence, she was not in the least distressed. The only thing to be done now was to let Ida Scott discover that she had not yet heard of his present infatuation.

"I know what you mean, Ida; but in this case the excuse happens to be perfectly true," she observed composedly. "He was obliged to see Sir Ryan—it would have been unwise to offend him. At any other time," she added, with a meaning smile, "I dare say Bertie might linger a little on his way home. I should do so myself if I were a man."

Ida stared at her old schoolfellow in utter amazement.

"Do you know Mrs. Nevil?" she inquired, after a pause. "She is not exactly received in society, is she? People were saying it would be such a well, such a surprise to you!"

Lina broke into a cheery little laugh.

"People are really too kind!" she answered. "Of course Bertie keeps me posted in all the news. I am very grateful to Mrs. Nevil for making his life pleasant to him lately."

"And she has made it particularly pleasant," said Ida despitefully.

The little story she had concocted which was to have made her welcome at afternoon-teas for a week to come was now of no use.

"Particularly pleasant, as you say," agreed her hostess; and, thoroughly mystified, Miss Scott took her departure.

Left to herself, Mrs. Errington lay back on her lounge and meditated. She was not only feeling annoyed, but also decidedly puzzled. Since their wedding morning, Bertie had overwhelmed the chief bridesmaid with his attentions, it had been an understood thing between her and him that a pretended flirtation on his part was in no wise to disturb the peace of their married life. Mr. Errington was devotedly attached to his wife; but this did not hinder him from falling more or less in love with almost every pretty woman he met. Miss So-and-so is an awfully nice girl!" he would say. "You must call on her, Baby!" But, when, with a wisdom born of experience, Lina obeyed him, he very soon lost his admiration for the lady, who was twenty-six years of age, and possibly a score of lady friends had in turn been the objects of his fleeting adoration; but, in an outspoken ingenuous fashion that was characteristic in keeping with his boyish character, he had hitherto insisted that Lina should always share his admirations. She was resolute in the present case not only because her husband had omitted to mention this Mrs. Nevil in his letters, but because Ida Scott had referred to her as not being exactly received in society. Bertie was such a poor letter-writer that while at Malta she had not looked for much news; but he had always been most fastidious where women were concerned. A startling gown or a loud laugh was a thing he held in dread.

Lina roused herself after some minutes of deep thought, and rang the bell for her maid. After all, it was of no use worrying herself. Ida Scott was in all probability wrong; and in the case Ida Scott had referred to her was not being exactly received in society. Bertie was such a poor letter-writer that while at Malta she had not looked for much news; but he had always been most fastidious where women were concerned. A startling gown or a loud laugh was a thing he held in dread.

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Mother and son formed a very pretty picture in their white dresses and blue ribbons; and so thought Bertie Errington as he rushed into the room and took them in his arms.

There was quite a rapturous meeting between the three; and every thought of the mysterious Mrs. Nevil passed from Lina's mind at her husband's affectionate welcome. Bertie Errington was a sunny-spirited, bright-looking young fellow; and, after little Syd had been examined and his health discussed, he went on talking gaily about some wonderful china he had ordered home to surprise her.

"I know you will like it, darling," he said. "There are a couple of big jugs in it that you might have strawberries and cream in for your Fridays, and there are half a dozen little ones of no use at all, you know; but the blue is exquisite!"

"They are sure to be lovely," agreed Lina heartily, who would have welcomed even a monstrosity if it was his gift. "I have been longing for blue strawberry bowls!"

"So Dane Trescott told me," returned Errington, in high glee that his purchase had proved so lucky. "Isn't it jolly having him in town again?"

"In town again! Is he really? Dear old Dane!" cried Lina warmly. Major Trescott was her cousin, and a great favorite with them both. "Why didn't you write and tell me?"

"I did."

"No, really you didn't, Bertie! You have behaved shamefully! You never told me about Dane, and you never mentioned any new friends you have made"—as a sudden remembrance of Mrs. Nevil crossed her mind.

"Didn't I?" he queried carelessly. "I am a horrid wretch, I know, Baby! But it is only the third of May now; you'll have plenty of chances of seeing every one for yourself. Dane comes with me to-night. He added abruptly.

At that moment Syd claimed his father's attention, and in the game of romps that followed the subject was dropped.

When Major Trescott was announced, there was another rapturous meeting; for he was a great favorite with both wife and boy. The major was a tall grave looking man who looked older than his thirty-six years warranted, and the empty coat-sleeve that was pinned across his breast testified to his courage in the Zulu War. He and Bertie Errington were as unlike each other as it was possible for two men to be; but Lina always insisted that they were enjoyed a dinner so much as when they were both present—and this particular occasion was no exception to the rule. The three friends asked as they discussed the latest news—first of Malta and then of London; and, after the servants had withdrawn, Lina began talking about what she had been doing during her husband's absence.

"I see there are cards for Whistler's private view," she said, addressing her husband. "You must come home early and take me there, Bertie."

Errington looked dubious, and finally shook his head.

"I don't think I can manage it," he said at last—"unless you can wait until six o'clock."

"Six o'clock!" echoed Lina. "Dear Bertie, I won't be there by four! Why can't you come? You were late to-day; and now you are talking of being late again to-morrow! You never used to be detained like this."

Errington shifted restlessly in his chair.

"Things are altered now," he said, speaking somewhat hurriedly. "I'm not more important in the F. O., and Sir Ryan may want me again.

"Let me take you, Lina," interposed Dane Trescott eagerly. "From the time when she had been a golden-haired fairy in the nursery and he a handsome Woolwich cadet, his cousin's wish had been her law, and he felt exceedingly angry with Errington for offering what he believed to be a false excuse. "I shall be charmed to go with you—and I have to-morrow free.

While feeling grateful to Dane for the sympathy she read in his eyes, Lina was half angry with him for so swiftly comprehending the situation. She had resented her husband's tone and manner, which were widely different from those of her lovelier fashion in which he addressed her; but it did not therefore follow that she wished Dane to share her resentment; so she neared him coolly.

"Thank you very much! But you have just told me that you had to go to the Piersons' 'At home.' It does not matter about the private view. I can go with Bertie another day; some other time;" and then she proposed running over some new songs that had been given to her on the piano, and they all went upstairs to the drawing-room.

The harmony of the evening, however, had been spoiled. In vain Lina sang her brightest and played her prettiest; Errington was moody and silent. The master of the house remained moody and silent. This was such an extraordinary evening for Bertie to be so moody. Lina and her cousin drooped, and they were not sorry when the tardy clock pointed to eleven and a proper time for a move to bed.

About four o'clock on the following afternoon Mrs. Bertie Errington was driving rapidly down a street near Eaton Square, when she saw a gentleman waiting for a hansom at one of the houses at some little distance from her. His back was towards her; but, as the door was opened and he walked out, the servant with the air of one who was sure of his welcome, she had a full view of his features. The startled cry of "Bertie! Mrs. Errington leaned back among the cushions with a pale scared look upon her face. The gentleman she had noticed was her own husband.

Lina was not a jealous woman; but this unexpected encounter was a severe shock to her. Ida Scott then had been right after all! Somebody—this Mrs. Nevil probably—was lived at that house had so enthralled her husband while he had been living *en garcon* that for the first time he had refused a request of his wife's for the sake of enjoying this woman's society. Feeling quite incapable of making the calls she had intended, she told the coachman to drive to Miss Martin's.

Miss Helen Martin was the maiden-aunt who had brought up the little orphan Lina, and, whenever she was ill or worried, she girl would still run back to the quiet Kensington home and spend an hour or two in the cosy rooms.

Miss Helen was one of those dear old ladies who seem specially created to be the recipients of other people's confidences. Her manner was motherly and kind. She was perilously near confiding her doubts concerning her husband; but the old lady stopped her with a kiss.

"I see something is troubling my pet," she said; "but don't let us talk about annoyances while they are red-hot, my darling, or perhaps you may say things you will afterwards regret. Come again to-morrow, and our chat shall be as serious as you please. How is Bertie? I haven't seen him lately. And Sydney—and your cousin Dane?"

Lina roused herself to answer, and then gave a bright description of Malta, which had double effect of delighting her listener and cheering herself. A pleasant little tea followed, served in the well-remembered brown cups of her nursery days; and, when the patient coachman was at last summoned, Lina felt almost herself again.

They were going to the theater that evening with Dane Trescott; for on the preceding night Lina had expressed a wish to see the Kendals, and accordingly the evening before Errington's moodiness had vanished, and he was so bright and amusing that his wife almost persuaded herself that, had they been alone, he would have told her what was troubling him. During the first *entr' acte* he was joking at the expense of one of the actors who had displeased him, when Dane Trescott interrupted him abruptly.

"Did you have time to go into the club and look up that article we were talking about last night?" he asked.

Errington shook his head.

"I was kept too late," he replied laconically.

"Did you go straight home?"

As Trescott asked the question, Lina placed her hand upon her arm to attracting by the back of her chair; but, as he uttered a careless "Yes," she turned towards him, and their eyes met.

"Did you go straight home from the office?" she queried.

Bertie stooped to pick up a glove he had dropped, and the slight exertion seemed to flush his face.

"Yes, I went straight home," he said.

At this moment the curtain rose, and Lina took up her opera-glasses; but, though she was looking at the stage, she neither saw nor heard anything that was taking place there. "I went straight home," Bertie had said. It was the first lie she had ever heard from her husband's lips; and an awful dread came over her as she wondered how much trouble might be concealed behind it. Who was this woman—this Mrs. Nevil—who in this strange mysterious fashion seemed to be undermining her peace? Lina gazed down at the stalls, and then, with a sudden feeling of mistrust, looked round at her husband. Was Mrs. Nevil one of those fashionably-dressed women below her, and had Bertie come to the theater to see her? He call that afternoon might have been for the purpose of furnishing her of his movements. The idea was no sooner formed than dismissed, and Lina took herself severely to task. How dare she think evil of her husband? Let this manner! she asked herself. But he had lied to her—had stooped to deceit; and the little gloved hand was clenched upon the remembered lips of Lina Helen had besought her to send Syd abroad in charge of friends.

"A young man like Mr. Errington requires bright and amusing society," the old lady had contended; "and you ought to stay at home to supply it."

"We all know Bertie is a sad flirt, Auntie Helen," Lina answered. "But it doesn't matter as long as I am his confidante."

Sitting there in the theater, she recalled those careless words. The possibility of a time coming when she should not be his confidante had not occurred to her.

"I went straight home." The utter falseness of the assertion struck her more forcibly than ever when they had returned home and her husband had taking off her wraps and smoothing her pretty curls. He had a great admiration for his wife's shining hair, and it was a favorite pastime of his.

"Do leave me alone, Bertie!" she said fretfully. "I hate to have my hair ruffled!"

Errington desisted, poured out some seltzer-water, and stretched himself at full length upon the couch.

"I thought all women liked their hair stroked," he said good-humoredly. "I know several that do."

He happened at the moment to be thinking of his two young cousins, whose mother had being caressed was a joke in the family. To Lina, however, it seemed that his words were a covert reference to the manner in which he had spent his afternoon, and an impetuous answer escaped her lips.

"For instance, Mrs. Nevil!" she said.

Errington sprang to his feet as if he had received a blow.

"Mrs. Nevil! What on earth do you know of her?" he exclaimed.

"If you do not intend me to know of your movements, you should manage things better! I saw you go into Mrs. Nevil's to-day afternoon." "Lina, you were spying on me!"

"Bertie, how dare you!"

Husband and wife were erect and facing each other. Lina's eyes were gleaming with indignation, and Errington's glance fell.

"I did not mean to say that!"

Lina took no notice of the apology. She walked up to the table to collect her wraps, and was turning towards the door when her husband's voice arrested her footsteps.

"Lina, don't go like that!" he said, earnestly. "I want to tell you all about Mrs. Nevil. On my honor, I wanted to tell you the whole story before!"

"Thank you; but I do not wish to hear what you do not want to tell me," she said, proudly.

She had intended the words to be very dignified; but there was a suspicious little catch in her voice, and Errington knew she would listen to him.

"Don't be so silly, Baby!" he went on impatiently. "I could not tell you about this new friend of yours, because, with the exception of late last night, when you were too tired, we have had Trescott with us all the time, and he hates the sight of poison. Now I said I came straight home. I didn't want you to hear his opinion of Mrs. Nevil before I gave you mine."

"Why does Dane dislike her?" asked Lina, quickly.

She had always been so accustomed to defer to Dane's judgment that her prejudice against Mrs. Nevil was instantly deepened.

"How do I know!" rejoined Bertie. "You know what a particular fellow he is. He would like people to have their name and age and all their belongings and ancestors for ten generations posted about his room! He wrote to me is all right of course, or I should not want you to know her."

"Am I to know her!" inquired Lina blandly. She was quite cool now, and had sat down upon the couch.

"How absurd you are, Baby! Of course you must know her! Let me tell you all about her, dear."

He had resumed his old boyish manner, and, sitting down beside his wife, began his recital. According to his account—and whether it was a true one or not, at all events he believed it to be so—this Mrs. Nevil, when he had met at Ad Homn, was the widow of a naval officer. She had been traveling about until a year back, when she had settled down in London. She was young and strikingly handsome; she had expressive brown eyes and a mass of rippling hair—and Bertie went on describing her charms in the romantic fashion that Lina knew so well. The widow appeared to be suffering some injustice from the world at large, for the words "poor woman" and "poor dear thing" recurred pretty frequently during the recital.

"What is there to pity her for!" inquired Lina at last. "Her life certainly seems to be a dismal one; but she can go out into society and enjoy herself, can's she?"

"She cannot!" rejoined Bertie. "That's just the difficulty!" returned Errington. "There was a rumor that she picked up her fortune at Monte Carlo, and, though that rumor was a lie, it died out, still it made people rather shy of her."

Even to Errington's own ears the explanation sounded vague; but, now he came to think of it, he really did not know much more of Mrs. Nevil beyond the fact that she was beautiful. Then he went on to explain what a kind and lonely Christmas-day he had spent, when he were to take her up and introduce her to their set.

"It would be earrying brightness and happiness into a very cheerless life—it would be bestowing an incalculable benefit upon a woman whose home is very lonely!"

Errington grew quite pathetic; one would have imagined him to be an ardent philanthropist; but his wife was a very apathetic listener. It was only after he had added that, the next day being Friday, Mrs. Nevil would then call upon her that she answered resolutely—

"She can come if she likes; but I shall not be at home."

"You won't be at home?" echoed Bertie, looking over him in astonishment.

"No, I shall not be at home," said Lina again, the corners of her mouth twitching ominously. "Whether I am in the house or out of it, I shall not be at home to Mrs. Nevil!"

"And why not?"

"Why?" exclaimed Lina, stung by the audacity of the question. "Because I do not choose! Because I had not been back in London an hour before I heard your name and here coupled together; because I heard of a woman who is certainly not a prude that Mrs. Nevil is not exactly received in society; because, on your own confession, Dane Trescott will not be a friend of hers! No, Bertie! You, of course, will do as you please about knowing her; but I will not have Mrs. Nevil forced upon me!"

She had risen, and was standing near the door; and, as she uttered the last words, she walked out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

The Quickest Way.

Puzzled Stranger—Isn't there a saloon somewhere along this street?

Equally Puzzled Stranger—That is what I was about to ask you. I'm trying to find one myself.

Both Strangers (struck by the same happy thought)—Police! Police!—*Chicago Tribune.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

May.—Selfish, firm and cautious.

Marie.—Careless, impulsive and firm.

Marion.—Generous, moody and persevering.

Rita.—Decision, selfishness and prudence.

Mrs. Pitchie.—Decided, impulsive and vain.

Trellum.—Ambition, decision and self-esteem.

Inita.—Coquetry, unreasoning and self-reliance.

Kate Nickleby.—Reserved, haughty and witty.

Miss Havisham.—Wilful, careless and sensitive.

Sallie Brass.—Precise, petulant and self-reliant.

Lewis Nell.—Undecided, prudent and unostentatious.

J. Joyce.—Self-esteeming, careless, erratic and unjustly proud.

Priscilla, London.—Shrewdness, firmness and a hasty temper.

Miss Fanny Squeers.—Cautious, self-esteeming and determined.

Tiny, Brantford.—Neatness, selfishness, decision and perseverance.

Dennous, Goderich.—Outcentious, determined, erratic and irritable.

Delmar, Belleville.—Sincerity, generosity and energy are shown here.

A. B. C.—Your writing exhibits the same characteristics as that of W. H. D.

Dolly Varden.—Persevering, of a variable temper and faithful in friendship.

Kathleen.—Self esteem, hauteur, decision and energy are shown by your writing.

Jack.—A calculating disposition, decision and self-esteem are shown by your writing.

Freedom.—Indecision, timidity, warmth of heart and a gay disposition are denoted by this writing.

Judy, Paris.—Christmas, 1870, was a Sunday. Your writing displays a good memory and self-esteem.

Uriah Heep, Hamilton.—Fine sense of order, a calculating disposition and considerable selfishness.

T. Ray.—You are doubtless sensitive, reserved, perseverin, a blind disposed to be careless, overtempered and unassuming.

Hebe.—Your writing indicates vanity, carelessness, a rather variable temperament and a sensitive and impressionable nature.

Julia Mills.—Theodore Parker was a Boston divine, who died in 1860. Your writing shows push, eccentricity, impulse and wilfulness.

Polly Doodle.—Your writing lacks any very prominently developed characteristic. It shows neatness, caution and cunning, and I see nothing else.

Esther, Brantford.—Am'bition, vanity, obstinacy and a nervously sympathetic nature with a tendency to exaggeration are denoted by your writing.

Poor Dodo, Beaverton.—Self-reliance, a sympathetic and genial nature, a modest disposition, decided, self-esteeming nature, precision and generosity.

Lalenden Lakefield.—Merely say "Thank you" mentally. Your writing shows self-esteeming, decided, self-esteeming nature, precision and generosity.

Laughing Water.—The MSS. w ll be read if sent here. If ridicule and sarcasm are applied, remember, perhaps you incline stamps. Writing denotes candor, impulse and perseverance.

Carpa, Wallaceburg.—L. Eccentricity, in'pendence, petulance and sensitiveness are shown by the study. 2. Be dold, courageous, much sympathy and self-reliance are denoted by this.

W. H. D., Hamilton.—Rev. Wm. Ormiston is at present pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York. Your writing denotes precision, perseverance and a rather mistented disposition.

Lawrence Curzon, Buffalo.—Fastidious, self-esteeming, warm-tempered, affectionate and sympathetic. Your writing is as uncommon hand. I remember only one person who possessed a similar one—Lawrence Jones.

Carpe Diem, Hamilton.—The Oregon disaster took place on March 14, 1886. The Umbria and Etruria have been running since 1884. Your writing denotes an impulsive, but rather undecided nature, a tendency to accept events without much questioning, much sincerity and a little vanity.

Clara.—Wash your hair and scalp thoroughly with warm water to which some finely powdered ammonia has been added. After that brush it a great deal, keeping the ends once a month. The old plan of a hundred brush strokes night and morning is good, and will keep the hair clean and the scalp healthy. Cleanse your hair brushes with borax-water, using a tablespoonful to a half-tumbler of water. Your writing shows self-esteem, a gay and lively disposition and much sympathy.

Bessie Kendall, Stratford.—Nothing but dye could make your hair look well. Your writing denotes very unsatisfactory and essentially vulgar. Brush your "dismal brown hair" a hundred strokes night and morning, keep the ends once a month. The old plan of a hundred brush strokes night and morning is good, and will keep the hair clean and the scalp healthy. Cleanse your hair brushes with borax-water, using a tablespoonful to a half-tumbler of water. Your writing shows self-esteem, a gay and lively disposition and much sympathy.

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Marriage and Its Trials.

For a woman to beautify herself is a natural instinct, and this instinct may be gratified without vanity. But mis-education makes woman vain, and vanity leads to indulgence and indulgence, and indulgence to extravagance and mischief. No husband wants an idolized wife, and an extravagant wife in many cases means financial ruin. The young women of to-day are mis-educated in a negative way. They are not taught to do that which will make them useful, but they are taught to do that which will be of use and benefit to them and their husbands, should they ever have a life to share. The ills of life are many, and disaster comes so suddenly and so unexpectedly that every girl should be educated in a substantial way, that she may be a necessary she may be a help instead of a hindrance.

I have enough faith in true womanhood to believe that a majority of woman would gladly fill a little subordinate place in creation, but how can they when they do not know how? There is a homely old adage to the effect that it is a difficult matter to teach an old dog new tricks, and the older we get the harder it is to learn new principles and to adapt ourselves to new circumstances. It is easier to acquire this useful knowledge in youth. It is infinitely better for girls to be taught some beneficial or valuable accomplishment that will serve them in time of trouble and need. It is not to play on the piano, to paint a little, to sing a little, to speak a little in some foreign tongue. Music and art and literature have their charms. But music and art and literature are not so valuable in this practical life as so no other accomplishments. And, besides, infinite sets of sciences of education are taught so superficially that they are not of much benefit.

Let the girls be taught to be useful as well as ornamental, I believe that there would be less dissatisfaction in married life. A husband who toils long and hard to earn his money cannot see it squandered on trifles and other unnecessary ways without feeling indignant. He may have self control enough to conceal his indignation, but he generally experiences the feeling.

Society itself is responsible for much of the evils that now exist in the education of the girl. Society sets the standard of life, and up its Procrustean bed, and every one must conform to it or be ignored. Society says that this or that is necessary, and every girl of individual shall be deemed worthy of special mention. If society should issue an edict to the effect that girls should be taught cook-ing instead of the accomplishments, how many of the society girls we should see assiduously cultivating the culinary art!

In the majority of cases marriages are unhappy because of the failure of the husband and wife to adapt themselves the one to the other in a rational way and a practical way. There should be the greatest forbearance to the other's faults. There should be self-denial where self-denial is needed. If a husband's salary is small the wife should count the pennies when she is making a purchase. There should be an adjustment, and a fine adjustment, on both sides.

There are marriages that are unhappy from the beginning because there always was a lack of adaptability between the two, or because there were natural defects in character that could not be remedied. But these are small in comparison with the entanglements that grow out of mis-education. Women when they marry are apt to overlook the responsibilities of married life. To most marriage is a haven of rest, where they will be free from worry and care. But there are two cares in matrimony where there is one in the single life. If the wife accepts these gracefully and cheerfully she is a stimulus to her husband. If she complains and worries the husband will become discouraged. A husband is generally what his wife makes him, and there is nothing that so unfits a man for the business world as a discontented wife at home. Wives should bear this in mind. It costs little to be cheerful and the gains to be received are far in excess of the actual outlay.

Bear in mind the words of Jesus the son of Sirach: "As the sun when it ariseth in high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fashions for Men.

The latest thing in the shirt line that is being pushed, is the open front, that has an opening all the way down the front, like a coat. It is made to fit into the figure as a coat is shaped, and the usual and really superfluous fulness of muslin is thus avoided.

The top coats of spring will be made of both light and dark material. The double whipcords will be shown to a considerable proportion of what is worn in the former, and the garment, when correctly made, will resemble the English ulster, but will be much shorter.

Blue seems to be the premiere shade in neckwear, and there certainly are some stunning things to be seen of a bluish cast. The elegant, smoke, cadet and hellotrope are last season's importations were a forerunner of the elaboration prevailing upon these distinguished shades. These colorings, showing a picking out of red and black, principally upon the background, are in the rarest harmony of *ensemble.*

There is a large variety of half-hose shown in striking and showy patterns in plaids and stripes. To a man who has a feeling for the distinctly colorful objects of masculine wear these new designs will be quite irresistible. But it should be remembered that fancy hose worn by men must not be displayed. The man that will wear low shoes with fancy socks would be guilty of the offence of purposely displaying his diamond collar button.

When you buy a fancy silk umbrella, the first thing to do is to dispense with the little ornamental silk tassel that gives the article a certain dash and distinction, when being made. A more pestiferous and temper-ruffling little jigger was never conceived by man. When you get home with the umbrella about the stick it is sure to get in the folds at the wrong place, and every time you try to open your parachute, the infernal tassel is certain to get twisted in the framework.

About as useful an article of apparel as a man of ordinary means can have in his repertoire is a pair of staple black and white shepherd's plaid trousers. The pattern is always fashionable and never out of season. Worn with a black sack or cutaway coat the effect is always of the best form. There are times of uncertainty and hesitation with the average man when he is about dressing for the day. There may have been some disappointment at the non-arrival of a suit from the clothier. A certain pair of trousers may be all the tailor's being pressed, or perhaps pawned at the knee; the mixed business suit may have been moistened out of shape by the rain of the previous day; a hundred other complications may arise, but there is always the staple wardrobe his black cutaway coat, and waistcoat to match, or white waistcoat, and lift from its pocket the inevitable plaid trousers, that cast uncertainty and conjecture to the wind and issue forth upon the pave in the full consciousness of being a well-dressed man.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Broken Ribs Were Extra.

When a man gets sick or meets with an accident in a Canadian lumber camp he neither expects nor receives any extra nursing. If he is patient, the men will do what they can; but if he shows a disposition to whine, he is not considered worth any extra trouble. At Camp "B" two or three winters ago a man named Peters was hurt by a falling tree—badly hurt, too, as he coughed up a good deal of blood, and the doctor, the snow three feet deep, and all they could do was to rub the man with whisky and put him in his bunk. Ribs he knew had been broken, it seemed certain that he was internally injured, and that he could not live beyond a day or two. Business was driving, and the men had to leave the camp after Peters had been rubbed down the boss said:

"Now, Peters, you understand how it is; you'll probably die."

"Yes."

"Probably die within twenty-four hours."

"Yes."

"And so, you see, anything extra will be a dead loss to me."

"I see, but in case I die you'll have manners enough to knock the men off for half a day, won't you? I also want a good square grave."

"But Peters, we are rushed, and to do that will cost some loss of time."

"How much will you give me not to die?"

"I'll say $35—that is, if you'll forego a funeral if you die."

"That looks fair," said Peters after a little thought, "and I'll do it. Shake."

They shook; and Peters set his teeth hard and determined to live. His only medicines were kerosene oil, whisky, and vinegar, and his only delicacies fat pork and bean soup; but three weeks after he was out and at work.

"Couldn't you make it $30?" asked the boss as he came to settle.

"For why?"

"Because if you had died I should have had to wrap the body in a $5 blanket, and the boys would have insisted on a drink all around after the job."

"Couldn't possibly think of it," replied Peters. "After I made the bargain with you I found there were two ribs, and I had to splice and grow 'em extra."

Odorous Bermuda.

The New York *Sun* says: "Bermuda's strong point is onions. All the hens in the country are chained up by the legs lest they should eat the onion beds. It is when writing of onions that the local poets get in their fine work. One of them has published an Ode to the Onion, which begins:

Let lovers sing their sonnets to the moon,
Cold, stern adversity prevails.

Another sings:

Thou land of onions and potatoes, hail!
May generous onions in thy gardens stand;
May these, thy staple products, never fail,
But may they flourish to all time and end."

Fully Competent.

Lawyer—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

Colored witness—Sah!

Lawyer—Do you understand the nature of an oath, I say!

Colored witness (impressively)—Sah, I have druv in Louisianny for nigh onto forty year.—*Somerville Journal.*

The Attendant is Wondering Yet.

"This is where we cast our cannon," said the polite attendant.

"How interesting!" said the sweet girl. "And where do you blow your great guns? I've heard a startling trend of mine speak of that so often."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS
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Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Adopted.

HoraceMoreton had been absent from home for a week. Business, connected with a lawsuit he was conducting, had called him to a distant city, and, uncertain of his movements, he had directed that his letters should not be forwarded to him.

It was still early in the day when he came home and entered his office. A large pile of letters awaited his perusal, and, lighting a cigar, he went leisurely to work. His manner, without sadness, his attitude one of careless ease. For the world had been a very pleasant one to Horace Moreton, and, to crown his happiness, he was engaged to marry the fairest, sweetest woman he had ever seen, and whom he had met during a summer sojourn at Bankton, where his mother had found an old friend in Miss Jane Stedman, and Horace his lady-love in her niece Mary.

Horace did not know how deeply he loved Mary until the day when he came home from his trip. He was so certain of her love, secure in his hopes, that a letter he opened as he carelessly puffed his cigar came upon him like a lightning stroke from a clear sky; for this was what he read:

"DEAR HORACE,—My own love, though I call you so for the last time, I write to bid you farewell. I shall leave Bankton to-day, never, probably, to return, and it will be useless to try to trace me. Miss Stedman's death, wh'ch occurred three days ago, while it leaves me a comparatively rich woman, reveals to me what must place a barrier forever between you and myself. I cannot be your wife, though I shall never cease to love you, to pray for your happiness. My heart is breaking, dear, though my resolution does not waver, as I write. Farewell, for ever. MARY."

Tossing the letter down, his face set and white, Horace Moreton hurriedly consulted a time-table, and an hour later was speeding to Bankton. He found the cottage where he had spent so many hours closed, and from Miss Jane Stedman's lawyer could obtain no tidings, except that Miss Mary had taken considerable money with her, and had not given any address for letters.

"I can only tell you what I know," this gentleman had said to Horace—"that Miss Mary believed herself to be Miss Jane Stedman's niece until the will was read, which left the old lady's entire fortune to her, 'adopted child, known as Mary Stedman.' Miss Jane would have concealed it even then, but I represented to her the danger of the will being invalid unless it was made clear to whom she wished to leave her money."

"Do you know who Mary is?"

"No; I can only tell you that the girl came here on the day after the funeral and gave me instructions to sell the cottage and put the price to her credit in the bank. She said she should never return to Bankton, and she looked as if some horrible, crushing tidings had suddenly taken youth and beauty from her face, leaving only a white mask."

"And you know nothing of her movements since?"

"Absolutely nothing. Miss Jane's old servant, Margaret, went with her."

Just four days before this conversation, Mary Stedman had returned from the funeral of her adopted aunt, wondering that Horace had not been present, and ignorant that his absence from the city had prevented her note, informing him of her bereavement, from reaching him. It was a disappointment she felt more keenly than many girls would have done under the same circumstances, because she was utterly alone. A delicate child, a maiden far from robust, Mary Stedman had lived in a strange seclusion since her earliest recollection. With a strong love of literature and music, a profound affection for her one companion and friend, and an entire ignorance of the fascinations of other friendships, the girl had never had the deeper love of her heart even touched until Horace Moreton came to Bankton.

She had not known how anxiously Miss Stedman had tried to avoid her old friend and her son, nor how reluctantly they were admitted to an intimacy that came to Mary like a revelation of happiness. All the love children give schoolmates, girls bestow on each other, society maidens scatter in careless friendship, had been stored in Mary's heart until the treasure was opened by Horace Moreton's tender wooing and outspoken love. And once given, Mary gave it for life.

On the day when the Moretons left Bankton, Miss Jane had been stricken with paralysis, and from that hour, through ten weary months, lad lain speechless and imbecile, the object of Mary's devoted care. Whether she realized how fully she was repaid for her care of the orphan she had adopted none ever knew. She passed away in sleep, and the secret she had guarded all her life was revealed in her will.

Yet the full force of the discovery did not come to Mary until, after looking over a desk, which contained private papers, she found an envelope directed to herself, with the words added:

"To be opened after my death, if you contemplate marriage."

"If I contemplate marriage!" thought the wondering girl. Why, she knew—

And there she paused. Did she know? The engagement was but a few hours old when the blow that paralyzed every faculty had fallen. There had been no time for Mary to whisper her tidings of newfound happiness before she was called upon to act as nurse.

The large envelope lay sealed before the girl, a strange horror of its contents holding back her fingers from opening it. What was there within to separate her from Horace? Separate her from Horace! It seemed a death-warrant. One love only remained to her, now that death had taken her only other friend, and to lose that was a possibility of despair that Mary could not face. She sat before the ominous paper in silence, until, sinking upon her knees, she prayed for guidance and strength to do what was right.

Then she opened the letter. Her blood seemed to turn to ice as she read the contents. Ignorant of the world as she was, she knew the brand of dishonor that must be her life long shame. He mother, Jane Stedman's schoolmate and friend, had eloped with a man her father had forbidden the house—a scamp, gambler and fortune-hunter. Defying her friends, the infatuated girl had married him, and had been dragged down through tortures of poverty and shame, until her death-blow had fallen when her wretched husband was in prison for forgery, and committed suicide. Jane Stedman had answered her appeal for help, and had eased her dying moments by her care, and a promise to fill a mother's place to the wee babe she left. The letter concluded in these words:

"I have thought it my duty to bring you up in seclusion, and it is my most earnest desire that you may be content to live unmarried, as I have done. It seems to me criminal to entail upon children the heritage of shame that has fallen upon your innocent head. May you be guided to do what is right."

Words of love and comfort followed, but the stricken girl could not take in their sense. The blow had fallen so suddenly and was so overwhelming that but one idea occurred to her—to escape somewhere, to hide where Horace would never find her.

Half crazed with her misery, yet never once dreaming of deceiving her lover by a concealment of her shameful secret, Mary made her preparations to leave Bankton, and to live under the name her father had disgraced—the only one to which she felt she had a right.

It was six years after Horace Moreton had received the fatal letter that had shattered his love dreams, when he met an old friend in Paris. It was a holiday trip for both, taken during the summer vacation, and Horace, still a bachelor, was willing to accept any offer for a pleasant evening that fell in his way. His friend invited him to meet his uncle and a cousin who were traveling for the benefit of the old gentleman's health.

"My cousin is quite a heroine," the young man told Horace. "She is my uncle's grandchild, and her mother ran away, years ago, to marry a shady sort of man. I don't know all the particulars, but the old gentleman met his daughter's child in some out-of-the-way country place, recognized the name, and became fond of her. At first she proudly refused to accept him as a relative; but he fell ill, sent for her, appealed to her pity, and touched her heart. He has never fully recovered, and Mary is his devoted nurse. It is the dearest wish of the old gentleman's heart that she should be my wife, but it will never be. Whether she loves elsewhere, or has no heart, I cannot say, but she is cold as ice."

"Pretty!" asked Horace, languidly.

"Beautiful, in a cold, proud style. She has a smile sometimes for her grandfather, but, as a rule, is as grave and silent as a nun. But she is a fine musician, and very willing to oblige her friends, so I can promise you some good music."

Together the friends strolled to the hotel where Martinson and his granddaughter were staying, and Horace entered a private sitting-room, into which his friend ushered him, with the words:

"Wait in here a moment and I will tell my uncle you are here."

A lady standing near the window turned as the door closed, and in spite of the change that made his heart ache, Horace recognized Mary Stedman. Paler she could scarcely be, but her eyes were full of anguish as she shrank back from his eagerly outstretched hands.

"No, no!" she said. "You and I can be only strangers. You do not know——" and here her voice failed.

"I know," he said, steadily, "the secret of your birth, Mary. Miss Stedman told me when I asked permission to make you my wife, and she promised me to destroy the letter that told you the truth, trusting to my love to conceal it as she had done."

"She was taken ill so soon after," Mary said, "and she never had control of her mind. And you, Horace, you knew, and yet would have married me?"

"I knew, and held it, as I still hold it, the dearest wish of my life to make you my wife. You cannot send me away again, or if you do I will not go."

And he did not.

A Wooden Wedding Gift.

"Congratulate you, Bronson. Yesterday was your wooden wedding, I hear. Wife give you anything?"

"Yep; bill for four cords of kindling wood."

The Jewel in Her Ring.

A recent guest at the Hotel Brunswick is the wife of a petroleum prince who has never deserted his native heath, the Pennsylvania oil regions. The lady wears on her left hand a peculiar ring. It is a circlet of rare brilliants surrounding a bit of white substance extremely odd. An acquaintance, who had noticed this for some days and marvelled over it, finally inquired:

"Pardon me for asking such a question, but what is that strange white object in the center of your ring?"

"Oh," replied the other, with a proud smile, "that is the first tooth of my eldest son."

The Acme of Kindness.

An anecdote is told which illustrates at once the gratitude existing in the criminal classes and their keen sense of proportion. An English lady was talking to a poor fellow who had recently been in the pincles of trouble which is associated with high walls and loose bricks on the top of them. "And was the prison chaplain kind to you, my man?" she inquired tenderly. "Kind, miss! Lor' bless you, he couldn't have been kinder to me if I had been condemned to be hanged, so there." He felt that sympathy could go no farther.

A Cute Atlanta Young 'Un.

"Papa," cried a little 7-year old. "I want some money to get——"

"Don't go any further," he interrupted, throwing down a coin.

The child came slowly up to him, after pocketing the money, and barely touched his cheek with a kiss.

"Humph," ejaculated the parent, "from the kiss you give I should judge that you don't appreciate it very much."

She caught hold of his hands, and, looking squarely into his eyes, solemnly said:

"Do you consider a $10 kiss for fifty cents?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Slow Young Man.

"I am afraid that young Featherly, who calls on you so often, is rather a fast young man," said a father to his daughter.

"Oh, no, he isn't, father," replied the little brother, who was present.

"What do you know about Mr. Featherly?" demanded the old man.

"I only know," the little man replied, "that I heard him ask sister for a kiss last night, and she told him he could have one if he would be quick about it; but it was the slowest kiss that I ever saw."

"There was a frog who lived in a spring,
He caught a cold he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and throats in tune by the timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

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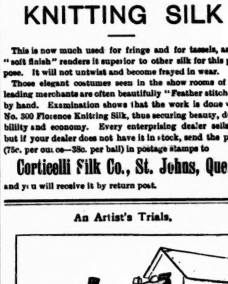

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and you will receive it by return post.

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—*Life.*

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SICK HEAD ACHE

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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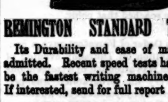

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Music.

A correspondent writes to complain of what he calls the "noggishness" of Toronto audiences in demanding numerous encores to the numbers on programmes already large. There is much sense in a complaint of this kind, yet the "encore" question is one that has had much said and much written on both sides. Those who are fairly frequent attendants at concerts, and who go because the energetic ticket brigade has sold them tickets, are no doubt satisfied with the numbers that appear on the programme, and would not, unless in exceptional cases, demand more. They have an idea that the precious minutes after ten o'clock might be better employed in discussing an elegant little supper or in wooing the embraces of the drowsy god, than in hearing further expositions of the artists, more or less excellent, who adorn the programme. They say that they get their fifty cents' worth in the programme, and are satisfied with that, and to this they add that it is a shame to make the poor performers come out again and sing more. No doubt some of them may have in their minds the story of the verdant concert-goer whose description of an encore consisted of the remark that "M'lle. Doremi sang so badly that the audience made her come out again to try it over once more," and on this account object to the encore fiend.

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One thing is certain and that is that applause is incense to the singer's soul, and that applause that is so prolonged and enthusiastic as to insist upon the singer's recall, is a libation so flattering when poured upon the altar of her artistic excellence, that she feels very sore if it does not come as a response to her efforts. The individual singer rarely counts the cost—in time—of a long programme, but is always willing, with true Bohemian generosity, to tax some one's else time as well as her own, and meet the smiles of welcome which adorn the faces of an admiring audience. A singer's success is, to a large extent, measured by herself and her friends by a criterion based on the strength, uproariousness and prolongation of the applause, and by the number of her encores, and she will almost always be ready to respond to such a recall, whether it makes the programme too long or not. One singer having done this, the friends of the others are all in arms to produce a like result for their favorites, and—there you are.

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On the other hand, if encores are forbidden, or not responded to, a feeling of coolness seizes the audiences, and really meritorious efforts pass off without what might be deemed proper recognition. The interest of the audience flags, and all go home with a sense of failure weighing heavily upon them. In such cases an audience has to sit upon hard, uncomfortable benches for two hours without an interval of change, without an opportunity to consult the mystery of the clove or cardamom seed, and without the escape valve offered by good hearty applause to an evening of sober, sedate behavior, and the question of ultimate satisfaction often hinges upon this very matter of encores. Public performers have to depend largely upon the approbation they secure for the name they make and consequently for the success they achieve in their artistic career, and it is hard for them to refuse an audience and to deaden the force of their endeavors.

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I am not arguing entirely in favor of encores, but am only endeavoring to show both sides of the question, with an especial reference to the matter as viewed by the inner circle. There is no doubt that the encore privilege is frequently abused, especially when you are observing concerts given under circumstances which bring together a class of people, which, for various reasons, takes in only two or three concerts each year, and then proceeds to gorge itself with the good things offered. Such an audience simply will not be refused, and insists upon the full measure, heaped and brimming over. The fault lies more particularly with those who have the construction of the programme, and who make its original dimensions too generous. Then again, even when the programme is modestly short, what is to be done if the audience takes a freak of coldness, and no encores are called for? The concert is over too early, and people go away with a grudging feeling of not having had enough for their money. A remedy would be for every one to remember that his neighbor is different from himself, and that true happiness consists largely in letting everyone have what it is in his power to obtain, just as those who have had enough may go home when they have reached that point.

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The Canadian Order of Foresters gave a concert at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week, which was attended by a tremendous audience. A very fine programme was performed to the great enjoyment of the audience. Chief among the attractions were Mrs. Gertrude Luther—whose clear though somewhat cold voice and very artistic rendering pleased many in the audience—and Mr. Stevens, who shows great improvement in both style and voice since his last visit to this city. His artistic phrasing was much admired by the musicians in the audience. Mr. Harry Blight had charge of the programme and fulfilled his trust to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The following evening bore musical significance from the fact that Mr. Stevens and Mr. Blight contributed to the enjoyment of the guests at the conversazione given by the Toronto Druggists at the College of Pharmacy. A very pleasant programme was presented.

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The Royal Grenadiers are contemplating an extensive entertainment to be given at an early date after Easter, in which they will present a play, some well designed tableaux, and a scene entitled a Night in Camp, which will contain diverting incidents and amusements of camp life. The musical part of the entertainment has been placed in the hands of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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Owing to the success of the minstrel visitors from Hamilton and London, our own amateurs have gathered courage, and have reorganized the old Amateur Christy Minstrel Club, under the title of the Toronto Minstrel Club. In addition to the cream of the old club, much new talent has been admitted, and an energetic policy of excellence and variety has been determined upon. Mr. E. W. Schuch, who conducted the old club in its former efforts, has been engaged for this season, and the first rehearsal was held on Wednesday evening. The performances of the Club are expected to take place in May.

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Mr. A. T. Cringan, whose mission it is to teach the very young idea how to shoot musically, will give a concert at the Pavilion on Friday evening of next week, at which he will present a chorus of four hundred children of the junior classes. It is so long since anything of this kind has been done here that this entertainment will be almost a novelty. Assistance will be rendered by the Chautauqua Orchestra, Miss Constance Porter, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke and Herr Carl Schmidt. METRONOME.

NOTES.

A new oratorio, the Repentance of Nineveh, by Dr. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, is shortly to be published in England.

British composers are gaining ground in conservative Germany. Mr. Frederick Lamond's (the Scotch composer) new orchestral symphony will be performed by the Berlin Philharmonic Society on April 15.

Campanini has been in the hands of a throat specialist for some time, having been suffering from a tumor in one of his vocal chords. He has been assured by his physician that he will eventually sing as well as ever. a result that we shall all hail with delight.

The London *Figaro* and other prominent English journals call attention to the numerous incorrect, not to say deliberately false, statements contained in Eugene d'Albert's alleged interview recently published in a New York paper. Our esteemed English contemporaries are apparently unacquainted with the ways of the American "fake" reporter, whose powers of imagination are generally stronger than his reasoning faculties, and who prefers sensation to logic, once, twice and all the time. It is to be hoped, however, that the English public will not forget that d'Albert's ingratitude to the nation which generously helped the young virtuoso to enter the career in which he has met with so many triumphs.

The Drama.

Mr. E. A. McDowell and his company played a portion of their repertoire at the Grand Opera House the first half of this week. They opened with that delightful old comedy The Private Secretary, and the trials and tribulations of the Rev. Robert Spaulding were as mirth-provoking as when they were presented the first time. Canadians feel that they have a special interest in Mr. McDowell and his talented wife, Fanny Reeves. For a number of years past they have played short summer seasons in various Canadian cities and have been accustomed to include in their repertoire some of the most successful plays produced on the New York stage. They have also been accustomed, I am told, to recruit their company from the ranks of amateur performers in the towns where they played. Thus they have given us companies which we consider as belonging in a measure to ourselves. They have identified themselves with Canadian theatricals and have taken a step towards bringing the drama nearer home to us than it can ever possibly be brought by traveling companies. No matter how rapturously we may welcome a good English or American company, no matter how sociable they may make themselves while among us, we cannot forget that we are giving our bounty to strangers, who share neither our interests nor our aspirations and who, when their brief season here is over, take our money and themselves back to their homes, as speedily as possible. They are neither of us nor with us—any longer than we pay them well, and we cannot take the same pride and interest in them that we could if we were able to say: "This is a company of our own people." This view of the matter may savor of provincialism, but it is human nature. Nowhere are [the results of this feeling made more manifest than in the great centers of London and New York. From the critics who, perched on their altitudinous watch towers, enunciate the dictums of success and failure, down to the unlettered populace that squabble for first place at the gallery doors—all are actuated more or less by the influence of locality. Canadians are rejoicing just now, and with good and sufficient reasons, at the success of the productions of their native dramatists. They are being released from the bondage of a foreign yoke. They feel all the pleasures of parentage as they say, "Here are American plays written by Americans and played to Americans by American actors." This is merely provincialism nationalized. This is the feeling that prompts us to give a hearty welcome to a company that by a mental acrobatic process we can say belongs to our own country. It may be somewhat visionary to begin already to talk of the time when we shall arrive at that point in theatrical affairs which our cousins to the south have now achieved. Still I think that many others as well as I have already begun to dream of the day when we shall be entertained at home by our own players with the productions of Canadian dramatists.

Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are surrounded with a company of bright young people who, if they occasionally show marks of inexperience, give at the same time evidences of enthusiasm and ambition which gain for them the sympathy of their audiences. In the Private Secretary Mr. McDowell brought out the humorous points in the character of Douglas Cattermole very skilfully and with a nice sense of discrimination. Fanny Reeves and Miss Helen Morgan were dainty and airy and pretty in the light parts of Edith Marshland and her friend, Eva. Miss Florence Vincent and Miss Bessie Hunter played very well. Mr. Fred Hight was successful as Uncle Cattermole, and Mr. Harry N. Dowley threw a great deal of humor into his part as the tailor. Mr. Ernest Sterner sustained the exaggerated character of the private secretary very cleverly and made his personation throughout a skilful and withal a most ludicrous one. On Tuesday and Wednesday Our Regiment and Moths were presented by this company.

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On Thursday evening Bootles' Baby opened at the Grand Opera House with Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson in the leading parts. As the play has already been played in the city this season its excellence is well known to our play goers, but it will bear seeing twice or oftener. Miss Claxton has made a hit in the part of Miss Grace and brings out to the full its pathetic strength.

The scene is near Carlsbad in Germany. It is the cot of Mudder Mukler and her pretty fraulein, Gretchen, near the shop of the town. Johann is the broommaker of Carlsbad, who gives his name to the play that has occupied the stage of the Academy of Music this week. Johann loves Gretchen with all the ardor of his German heart. He spends much of his time yodling for her. Gretchen yodles back. An American lady suddenly appears on the scene. She has left her husband at home in an insane asylum and has a bright little daughter. What she is doing here nobody knows, but she is melancholy, and much given to tears. Her little daughter takes instinctively to Johann who is very fond of children and has a *protege* of his own, little Hans. He always sings for them. In fact he sings on every possible occasion. All is lovely at Carlsbad when the two villains arrive. They tell the American lady her husband is dead. One of them claims to be his brother, says he has been appointed guardian of the little girl and wants to take her away. This plan is foiled at first by Johann and Gretchen, who sniff danger in some miraculous way and draw guns on the villains when they try to take her by force. The villains brought with them to Carlsbad an Irish coachman named Jerry. He, however, goes over to the enemy and works against them. But they finally succeed in stealing the child in spite of all. They are followed to America by Johann and Gretchen and all the rest of them. Through the cleverness of Johann the child is recovered and restored to her mother. The husband is liberated. Johann is found to be brother of the American lady. He marries Gretchen, sings some more, and various other things happen which contribute to the general rosy hue of affairs. The Broommaker of Carlsbad is not much of a play, but it serves its purpose. That purpose is to introduce a number of melodious ballads and touching domestic scenes with children, which are always popular. Mr. James Reilly is following J. K. Emmet at some distance. He is, however, a bright, handsome fellow with a good voice and a fair degree of skill as a dialectician. He leaves a very pleasant impression. He is ably supported in his musical specialties by Miss May Templeton. She is a dainty creature with a pretty face, a good figure and a trim foot and ankle. She sings well and acts fairly but cannot talk German-English much better than an Irish hod-carrier can "parley-voo." Mr. Frank Marion made a very comical Irishman. The rest of the support was fairly good. Next week, McKee Rankin in The Runaway Wife and The Canuck.

Joseph J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson have got a new play this season which is called The Red Spider. It is of a highly sensational character and well calculated to please those whose nerves require exciting and blood curdling scenes to make them respond. The play is constructed on good old melodramatic lines. The plot hinges on the betrayal of a woman. The hero swears vengeance on the betrayer and, in his own words, "that oath is registered anew with every morning sun." The play is carried out consistently with its commencement. Mr. Jos. J. Dowling plays the part of Dakota, The Red Spider, and makes as much of it as there is in it. His portrayal of the hero invariably wins him the lion's share of the applause. Miss Hasson takes the part of Beatrice Murtha, who is described by herself as "a weed that sprouted and grew under the shadder of them mountains." She sings pretty well, and takes her part very acceptably. Miss Blanche Plunkett and Miss Addie Eaton received well merited applause in their respective roles. The company on the whole gave very satisfactory support. Next week, Lester & Williams' London Specialty Company.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Agnes Knox, the talented young Canadian elocutionist, will give a recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next. She will read her choicest numbers, and a most interesting evening may be expected.

A company of St. John, N. B., amateurs began the rehearsal of Dorothy some time ago with the intention of producing it after Easter. After spending some money and doing a good deal of work they discovered it might be necessary to consult Mr. J. C. Duff of New York, who controls the production of the opera. They found he was willing to allow them to produce it for $100 the first night and $75 for each subsequent performance. As this was likely to take all the cream off the receipts and perhaps a good deal more it is almost needless to say that the performance has been postponed indefinitely.

Being asked why he built the prison-like stone wall that surrounded his grounds, Forrest, the tragedian, laughed long and loud as he answered: "One day I was in the garden, having on an old hat and light linen coat which extended nearly to my feet, working away with my back toward the street. I heard a sound, a sort of murmur. At first I paid no attention to it, but suddenly a shrill, boyish voice shouted 'There he is!' And then another more mature exclaimed 'It is Richelieu!' I turned quickly round and to my utter astonishment, saw the whole length of the fence lined with a gaping crowd, shouting Macbeth, Rolla, Richard and the devil knows what not. As I rushed into the house, the sounds followed me. That, sir, is the reason why I put up that wall."

After their final performance in New York last Saturday night the Kendals were called on for speeches. Mrs. Kendal said: "I am what I am. I appreciate what I have seen in my audiences as a test of their affection. You have laughed with us and cried with us and no sincerer test is wanted by an actor than this. Your social generosity has been without limit. You are as generous in hearts as you are large in country. But there were others who watched with anxiety and solicitude our advent among you. I left behind me in England two children who wanted to let us go. 'But don't be frightened, mother,' they said, 'the Americans will like you and father,' and I was joyfully enabled to cable them last summer that the Americans did like me and father."

The Baltimore *American* tells a story of how Edwin Booth was very much startled when a waiter at the Mount Vernon Hotel brought two cards to his room bearing the names of two ladies unknown to him. The waiter said they were pretty, and were waiting in the parlor. In a few minutes Booth made his appearance in the parlor, and much to his surprise he found two young and very pretty society girls, one of whom was a debutante last season. They informed him they had attended every performance since his arrival in Baltimore, and had become so fascinated with him that they had decided to call. For a few minutes Booth said nothing. First he looked at their cards, which he still held in his hand, and then at the girls, who blushed and became very much confused. At last the silence was broken.

"Young ladies," said Booth. "I happen to know the names on these cards are assumed, and if I only knew your real names I should most certainly inform your parents what you have done. Now, take my advice, go home, and don't ever run to see an actor again, for the next interview might not be so pleasant."

The young ladies departed, and have been very much alarmed ever since lest their parents should find them out.

Art and Artists.

At the meeting of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday, the feature of the evening was Mr. J. A. Radford's lecture on A Trip through France and Italy, which was illustrated by stereoptican views, provided by Mr. E. Willoughby. The lecture was interesting and was listened to with the closest attention by the large audience present. Mr. Radford will probably deliver it later on before the Ontario Society. Messrs. Fawell and Simpson completed the programme with musical and ventriloqual features.

Madame de L'Aubiniere, *nee* Georgina M. Steeple, the highly gifted water color artist so well known in the artistic world and by Canadians—especially Lower Canadians—is now at work on a very large picture, probably destined for the Royal Academy. The subject is a curious and picturesque country church yard in France, in which the graves are almost hidden in flowers—the effect in late evening—she calls it The Garden of Sleep. Those who have seen it, and the especially fortunate ones who have in their possession one or more of her great works, may form some slight idea of the coming beauty of this. Until seven years ago Mme. de L'Aubiniere exhibited at the Royal Academy for five successive seasons. Since then she has been traveling through the United States and Canada, and is now living in Paris.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The principal business dealt with was the revision of the constitution.

Her Change of Base.

She was certainly very pretty, and just then she looked prettier than ever, for the brisk run had brought color to her cheeks and a bright sparkle to her eyes.

They had been tobogganing, she and John. A thunder shower had come up very suddenly and they had just had time to get under a deserted cow shed when the floods descended.

She was laughing, too, at the absurdity of their situation, and her merriment by no means lessened her attractiveness.

Altogether she looked so very tempting that John could not help throwing his arms about her and snatching a kiss.

"For shame!" cried Minnie with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. "It was very dishonorable of you to take advantage of me like that."

"Perhaps it was," said John. "Forgive me. Let us kiss and be friends."

"Never!"

"Then take that—and that—and that," seizing and kissing her repeatedly, despite her struggles.

"If you don't behave yourself, John, I will scream," cried Minnie.

"I don't care."

"Yes, you do care. People will come to my assistance from that house over there and they will punish you as you deserve.

"All right," cried John. "Scream. Let them come! Let all the world come! I love you and I don't care who knows it."

He had her fairly on his knee now and was pressing her to his heart and smothering her with kisses and at intervals roaring, "I love you!" at the top of his voice.

Minnie submitted silently to the torrent of his passion for a time, but as he grew louder and more demonstrative she gasped between kisses:

"Well—whatever—you do—don't make—such a noise. Suppose—somebody—should hear!"

An Exhausted Subject.

Young Writer—Have you read my article in the current number of the *Every Other Monthly Review*, Miss Penelope?

Miss Penelope—No; that pleasure is still in store for me. I heard papa say, though, that he had read it.

Young Writer—Did he not think that I treated my subject in a very exhaustive manner?

Miss Penelope—Yes, I believe he did say something about being tired.

The World's Fair.

For Saturday Night.

What a roar on the western air—
Chicago has got the World's Fair!
Lo! the wild wooly West
Pulleth down on its vest—
We're the people, and bound to get there!

And Gotham the mighty is sad,
The noble Four Hundred are mad,
To a cocked hat they knock her
To match knickerbocker,
Which is quite too infernally bad.

But hold, all you smiters of pork,
Don't make sausage-meat of New York—
You are bold Armour-ed boys,
But you raise ill-a-noise,
And you'll find that your racket won't work.

If you're game, I'll just bet a red bone
There's a land alongside of your own
That can scoop all you've got,
If the fair's in the pot,
And leave you in the soup all alone.

Put the stuff up, if you want to call,
It's no bluff, just you seek Montreal,
See her fair, at the rink,
And I reckon you'll think
That you never were in it at all.

And if to see fairer you want to,
Just take a jaunt up to Toronto,
And the south side of King
Will make your head sing
With the fair that your eyes there catch onto.

For 'tis but in Canuckia's expanse
That the world's fairest fair may entrance,
We can furnish by dozens
To our quarreling cousins
"Sights of the World's Fair"—for a glance.

ED. W. SANDYS.

In the Chimney Corner.

What do you see in the fire, my darling;
Golden-haired lassie beside my knee?
Is it a castle in Eldorado,
Is it a lover from o'er the sea?
Leave the castle for others, lassie,
Let the lover come whence he may;
Love is love in the humblest cottage,
Never mind what the world will say.

What is there in the flames, my darling?
Do you wonder what I can see?
The old white house and the little garden,
Oh, how it all comes back to me!
Oh, the sound of the mill wheel turning!
Oh, the scent of the lilac tree!
When I was a girl like you, my darling,
When your grandfather courted me.

You will grow old like me, my darling;
Time will whiten your golden hair;
You'll sit at ease in the chimney corner,
Dreaming and watching each empty chair.
You will not weep as you sit and ponder;
You will remember granny's smile;
For we know that the hearts that are gone, my darling,
Are but lost for a little while.

—*Woman's Illustrated World.*

Don't Fret.

I.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret.
Go to work!
You will always have trouble around you,
You bet,
If you shirk.
The man who is busy he worry forgets,
His mind isn't harassed by thoughts of his debts,
And the harder he works, the more happy he gets,
Till he's gay as a Turk.

II.

If fortune won't smile, let her frown, if
She will;
Never mind.
Don't sulk, and look wholly cast down, if
She still
Seems unkind.
If you smile at her, soon she will smile back at you.
You are certain to win her, if you will pursue
Her with cheerful persistence, and hope ever new,
And then solace you'll find.

III.

The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!
Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe
That he's hit.
Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own;
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning, and quit!

My Own.

She basks in the glorious sunshine,
Half hid in a favorite rock,
Her eyes bent on fields in the distance
With a dreamy and far away look.
The wild flowers growing about her,
Unheeded, receive not a glance—
I silently gazed on the picture,
Ah, shall I retreat, or advance?

She knows not that I am so near her,
I'm standing outside of the gate.
My entrance, I fear, might disturb her,
And hence I impatiently wait.
For once when I burst on her musings
The interview ended in pain—
And now my art is a barrier
With fear lest it happen again.

Ah! could I decipher the feelings
That throb in the heart of my own.
Oh! could I foresee a glad welcome
If I should approach her alone.
And, oh, if she kindly would greet me
And slip her head into this noose—
She's the trickiest mule in the pasture
And won't let me catch her when loose.

Just Enough.

Little light, but just enough,
Just enough to see you by,
Curly little head, and rough,
Little whisper, tiny sigh,
Clinging arms and tender waist,
Little mouth for kisses made.
May I, sweet, the nectar taste?
Surely, dear, you're not afraid?
Is my love too rude and rough?
"No"—I hear you soft reply.
Little light, but just enough,
Just enough to kiss you by!

Noted People.

Mr. Edmund Gosse intends to write a biography of his father, Philip Gosse, the famous naturalist.

A new tenor, Tolpi by name, has been discovered in Venice, and great reports of the sweetness of his voice come from Italy, where he is now singing.

Bismarck will be seventy-five years old on the 1st of next month, and he is not unlikely to see many another year of life, though he has some superstition to the contrary himself.

Miss Pauncefote, the eldest daughter of the British Minister at Washington, has done much, by her personal example, to make walking fashionable among the girls of the capital.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, wife of the railroad president, has already begun to lay plans for collecting a loan exhibition of fans, miniatures, laces and bric-a-brac, to be displayed in the Women's Exchange at the World's Fair.

Miss Alice Sanger, the president's typewriter and stenographer, is able to take a short-hand dictation at the rate of two hundred words a minute. Her spelling is said to be perfect.

Social critics have been pronouncing judgment in Dublin on their new Lord Lieutenant and his wife. Whilst Lady Zetland has been adjudged charming and gracious, it is decided that Zetland occupies the saddle more capably and gracefully than the Throne.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the famous lecturer on Egyptian history, fell down a flight of steps at Columbus, O., and broke one of her arms. She kept her engagement in the evening before a large audience with her arm incased in splints.

Sir Henry Parkes, the political leader of Australia, owns a sixpence which was the first money he ever earned. He stepped ashore penniless and friendless at Sydney half a century ago and got the sixpence for holding a horse in front of a tavern while the owner went inside to get a drink.

Barnum has been so successful in his English tour, that he has made arrangements to return to Great Britain after his American round with the Greatest Show on Earth. The London managers of attractions lose heavily during Barnum's visit to that city, and they are always glad to see him preparing for departure.

Mrs. M. H. McAllister, the mother of that contemporary *Petronius arbiter*, Mr. Ward McAllister, was a beautiful woman, full of energy, vivacity, and social talent. She was thought to bear a striking resemblance to the portraits of Charlotte Corday, to whose family she was related. The social talent which her son inherits from her, and which distinguishes many other members of his family also, is an inheritance of the French blood of the race.

The late John Jacob Astor was the richest man in America, and one of the half-dozen richest men of the world. He lived quietly, and was hardly known personally beyond the circle of his immediate friends. He had the honor of being the first private citizen of New York to make a patriotic contribution on the outbreak of the civil war, providing and paying for the purchase and equipment of the tug-boat Yankee, and sending her to the relief of the garrison at Fort Sumter.

The Italian journalists have been wrestling more or less unsuccessfully with the name, Buffalo Bill. One paper spoke of the *Compagnia Americana di Guglielmo Bufalo Ouest Selvaggio*, which in literal English means, The Troupe of William Buffalo Savage West. Another says of the company, *Suo capo e Guglielmo il Bufalo*, which means: Its chief is William the Buffalo. The liquid language of sunny Italy goes down before the breezy vernacular of the prairie.

Miss Cooper, the daughter of Fenimore Cooper, tells a story which is well nigh incredible. When in Paris she saw a translation of The Spy, in which a man is represented as tying his horse to a locust. Not understanding that a locust tree was meant, the intelligent Frenchman translated the word as "sauterelle," and feeling that some explanation was due, he gravely explained in a foot-note that grasshoppers grew to an enormous size in America, and that one of them, dead and stuffed, was placed in the doorway of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback.

Mme. Patti said to a Denver reporter: "The human voice, if preserved up to a certain period, will retain it richness and flexibility almost indefinitely. As you ought to know, I have always been careful of myself, and at no time in my professional or private career has my voice suffered from overwork. Hence I am as capable to-day of captivating an audience as I was many years ago. I expect that my voice will be as good in twenty years from now if I continue to enjoy good health." The diva of the sunset locks does not agree with the reporter in Chicago, who declared that the vigor and sweetness of Patti's voice was gone forever.

The young Emperor of China narrowly escaped a severe beating at the hands of a band of enraged beggars. It appears that His Majesty delights to wander about Pekin in ordinary dress, dine at restaurants, and mixing generally with his people discover their feeling towards him. One day he observed a beggar picking a man's pocket. He grasped him roughly, shook him and forced the unlucky mendicant to return the stolen property. Things being adjusted to the Emperor's satisfaction, he went his way, entered a restaurant and proceeded to sip a cup of tea. In China beggars are protected by an unwritten code, and people are not supposed to interfere with the pursuance of their craft. The chagrined pickpocket and a band of his brethren in trade demanded the officious Chinaman. The Emperor in his alarm showed his noble birth by his accent, and the landlord agreed to parley with the mob until aid came. The governor of the palace and two companies of soldiers hurried to the assistance of their sovereign. The landlord's reward was two hundred and fifty dollars; four of the beggars were executed, the rest imprisoned, and the Pekin officials informed that authorized begging must be put down.

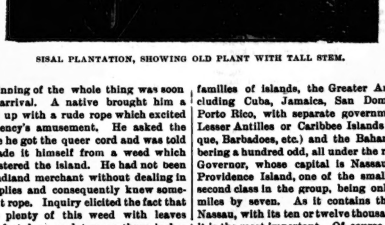
The Governor of Bananaland--No. 4

ZOUAVE SENTRY, GATE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE

AN unusual example of Downing street wisdom is to be found in Nassau. A couple of years ago or more Sir Ambrose Shea, a native of Newfoundland and one of the most prominent men that island has produced, was appointed governor of the Bahama Islands. As a rule such offices are divided up among poor relations of the nobility, war-office hangers-on and diplomatic subs who have no more knowledge of the commerce of the world or the necessities of the countries they go to govern than school children would have. The increasing prosperity of the Bahamas is proof of the wisdom of this exceptional departure from the prevailing fashion. Sir Ambrose is now seventy years of age but his years sit lightly upon him and he is capable of a wonderful amount of work. His life previous to his going to Nassau was devoted to a general mercantile business in which he was more than usually successful. For many years he was the most conspicuous figure in the politics of Newfoundland and was present at the historical conference at Quebec in '64. Though a Roman Catholic he represented the Orange constituency of Harbor Grace for fifteen years in the island parliament and of this he speaks with pride as an example of the liberality of Newfoundlanders.

One bright morning—all mornings seem bright in Nassau, all days are fair—I was riding in one of those clattering buggies towards the Government House. I am a poor hand to make calls on people of state, but I had state reasons for desiring an introduction to Sir Ambrose Shea. He is quite the idol, high priest and king of the islanders and to get to know about public matters one must see the paternal governor who runs things pretty much as if the Bahamas were his private property. The Government House stand on a hill overlooking the harbor on one side and the valley with the further uplands which rise toward the centre of the island on the other. Its situation is picturesque, its architecture, if it has any, is of the square military type suggestive of both a block house and planter's residence. It is large and the rooms are lofty, breezy and cool, and, come to think of it, the style of the exterior is not unlike our old Parliament Buildings, though not so large, and the walls are white and built of the coral limestone, which is the only material, except wood, employed by the Nassau builder. One could scarcely conceive of a more beautiful place to live, as entering by the side gate you see what beauty there is of an inland type on one hand and in front and below you the tiled roofs shadowed by palms sloping down to the long white street, the low warehouses and the bright emerald waters of the harbor which are divided from the great ocean without by the long line of luxuriant green, spreading like a mantle over the coral reef which is spoiled for all romantic purposes by the name of Hog Island. At the door of the Governor's offices I encountered a Malay with that revengeful, black pussy-cat look, coarse, lusterless hair and feline gait, which makes me creep. He was dressed like a policeman, walked like a tiger which had just got out of its cage, and had that inexpressibly half-tamed manner which is at once a mixture of servility and cruelty. I didn't like the looks of the animal, but probably he is one of the most inoffensive creatures on the island. I remember once in Mexico having a guide who resembled very much in appearance this uncouth orderly, and I don't think I slept a wink while I had him with me, until once by an act of self-sacrifice and devotion which one rarely sees in either tamed or savage man, he convinced me that he was all right. At any rate this fellow was my first impression of the interior of Government House, and it was unpleasant. Pushing open a green baize door I took off my hat, leaned my stick against a table and began fishing for a card, which, as usual with me, was very hard to find in the pock of paper which accumulate in my pocket-book and thereabouts. With tact, which proved him to be a proper person to guard the ante-room of a state official, the slender and good-looking secretary failed to notice my presence until I had found the card, and then in a moment was bowing with Chesterfieldian politeness which I returned with the courtesy of the old school (Section 6, South Dorchester). If my impression of the coolie was disagreeable that produced by Sir Ambrose Shea's private secretary was exceedingly pleasant. I forgot before I left the hotel to inquire from the ladies where he came from—they know where everybody comes from—but he was very unlike some aides-de-camp imported by our governors. I am quite sure if he had been with Lord Lorne or Stanley he would have averted many of the social rows which took place at the capital. After waiting a little while I was introduced to Sir Ambrose, one of those cheerful, good-natured old gentlemen who knows how to meet people and is never too busy to talk. As I said before he has only been on the island a little over two years but he has wrought great changes there. When he came, there was no bank. People hid their spare money under the bed, buried it, had it sewed into their clothes, tied it up in the traditional stocking, etc. Come to think of it, I can't conceive of the ordinary Nassau stockings holding anything. The samples one sees in the street have a great big hole in the toe and a still larger one in the heel, the two orifices being separated by a narrow isthmus of fabric passing under the instep. Frequent opportunities to observe this peculiarity were afforded by shoes which invariably come off if the proprietor lifts his or her foot from the ground. The ordinary gait is a shuffle which is necessary to keep shoes on. However those who had money to hoard were probably of a better class and the stocking was the only bank in existence. Now there is a very flourishing institution which issues bank notes which I think are about the ugliest specimens of bank printing which could be designed. A new custom house is in course of erection, and prosperity, unknown since the American war—like the Southern States, everything has happened during or since the "wah"—is cheering the people with the idea that the islands have a future.

Driving with a friend one day I enquired the name and use of a plant, evidently some relation to the cactus family, large plantations of which are springing up all over the islands. "That's sisal" said he. "If you want to hear all about it go up and call on the Governor. I'll bet you a guinea, you won't be with him five minutes before he begins to talk sisal, and he'll be good for two hours of it if you stay that long." He was right. I smiled to myself when, with one of his quick bright looks, Sir Ambrose asked me if I had visited any of the sisal farms. "It's a wonderful plant, isn't it? and I just think, when I saw them they were rooting it up and trying to get rid of it as a noxious weed." I knew he was about to mount his hobby and confess that I expected to be bored, for hobby-horse riding is apt to be wearisome to those who are not shareholders in the horse. Politeness, rather than interest, led me to ask him to tell me all about it, as we Canadians were watching the growth of the industry in hopes that a plentiful supply of sisal would break the binder-twine monopoly which the farmers who use large quantities of cord on their self-binding reapers, feel to be oppressive. As he settled himself back in his easy chair and began to talk I arranged myself so as to gaze on the lovely landscape, glimpses of which could be seen through the window. But I was not bored. As he grew enthusiastic in his description of the industry he had started, I became interested, then astonished and ceased to wonder at Sir Ambrose's enthusiasm.



SISAL PLANTATION, SHOWING OLD PLANT WITH TALL STEM.

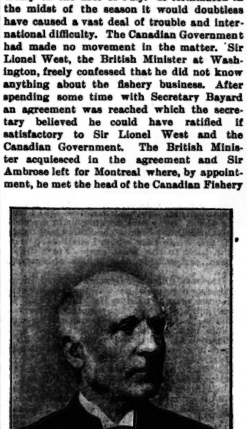
The beginning of the whole thing was soon after his arrival. A native brought him a parcel tied up with a rude rope which excited His Excellency's amusement. He asked the man where he got the queer cord and was told that he made it himself from a weed which greatly pestered the island. He had not been a Newfoundland merchant without dealing in ship's supplies and consequently knew something about rope. Inquiry elicited the fact that there was plenty of this weed with leaves some five feet long and two or three inches broad. The native showed him the plant, which is almost solid fibre. I brought home a couple of leaves, one as it was cut from the Governor's garden, the other as it came from the machine which takes the flesh, as it were, away from the fibre. The latter has a couple of inches of the uncleaned leaf at the end, proving all the fibre to have been a part of it, and you would have been as surprised as I was to see a rope five feet long and, when wound tightly, a quarter of an inch thick at the base made from a single leaf. The fibre is bright, just like new rope and nearly as strong as hemp. "They were pulling that up and burning it," said he, with not unnatural excitement, "when I came here. I knew that the question was what the islands could be made to produce fit for export and it struck me that this solved it. We got up a rude machine for cleaning the fibre and sent a sample shipment to London where I was assured it was worth £50 per ton! I tell you this was a revelation to the islanders and the destruction of the 'noxious weed' not only stopped at once but everyone began to set out plants. I say it with pride for which you will pardon me, that I am the first governor who ever made a dollar out of our public lands. My predecessors seemed to think that soldiers and constables and parades constituted good government, I can point to the sale already of nearly 300,000 acres of this coral limestone rock, supposed to be unfit to grow anything but fruits for which we have no market, and on these acres sisal is being planted not only by the people already here but by wealthy syndicates from the old country, many of whom have taken ten to twenty thousand acres at five shillings per acre. So much of the land has been sold that I have raised the price to four dollars per acre and am disposing of quantities at that price."

It is not strange that sisal planting has created such a boom. Land and labor are both cheap. The young plants or "suckers," owing to the great demand, are worth two cents apiece, they are planted eight feet apart in little holes pounded in the soft limestone the fragments of which are piled around the roots, which are sure to take hold. It takes nearly five years for the plant to mature but it will yield twelve to fifteen crops before it dies. On the lowest estimate each acre of plants will yield from 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. of fibre which costs about two cents a pound to harvest and clean and is worth ten cents a pound, even after allowing a depreciation of 20 per cent. when the output becomes larger. Farming which nets a safe profit of $75 per acre is not to be found every day. It is safe because the plant can hardly be killed even with fire, and there is no danger from drought or storm and the market for the fibre is increasing every year. In Yucatan, where the industry has got nicely under way, princely fortunes are being made under conditions not as favorable as those found in the Bahamas. Canadian farmers to whom binder-twine is a great expense will watch the spread of the sisal industry with interest, but to the Bahamas it means everything. The exports were only about $600,000 previous to the sisal boom; Sir Ambrose Shea reckons that within ten years the export of fibre alone will amount to 150,000 tons, which at only $100 per ton, though it is now worth $200, will be $150,000,000! Isn't this something for him to feel proud of?

There is another feature worth noticing. The labor market of Nassau has long been glutted, but the prospects are that labor will be scarce when all the sisal fields are matured. In order to equalize things and to give the poor a chance, he is granting ten acres, I think it is, to every poor family, at five shillings per acre, payable out of the first crop. They cannot sell the land for twenty years, and the world will watch with interest this effort to make the darkies thrifty. An odd restriction is that the men are forbidden to work the home patch, the women being expected to do all the harvesting, while the men are employed on the large plantations. The home holdings are arranged so as to be nearest the settlements and adjacent to the big fields. For this thoughtfulness for the poor colored man, and because work has become more plentiful, it is not strange that Sir Ambrose Shea is looked up to by the darkies as a man sent from heaven rather than Newfoundland, and when he goes about the islands in a warship provided for his regulation visits he is treated with respect and affection which is quite overpowering. I have not gone into any details in these letters which can be had in any school geography, but I may mention that the Bahamas are the most northerly group of the West Indies, which comprise three families of islands, the Greater Antilles (including Cuba, Jamaica, San Domingo and Porto Rico, with separate governments), the Lesser Antilles or Caribbee Islands (Martinique, Barbadoes, etc.) and the Bahamas, numbering a hundred odd, all under the rule of the Governor, whose capital is Nassau, on New Providence Island, one of the smaller of the second class in the group, being only twenty miles by seven. As it contains the capital, Nassau, with its ten or twelve thousand people, it is the most important. Of course there is a sort of legislature and council which is more advisory than governing, responsible government having not yet been established, but the greatest harmony prevails and the ideas of the Governor are heartily endorsed and carried out.

I had more than one opportunity of chatting with Sir Ambrose, and he told me much of Newfoundland politics and his experience with Canadian politicians. He was hard hit by the Nassau island into Confederation, and in 1869 the effort appeared to have been crowned with success, but owing to the intrigues or stupidity of Chief Justice Carter in delaying the elections from May till November, the scheme was burked. There had been a succession of bad seasons, and the cry which had gone up from Nova Scotia that their fisheries had been sold, had not been heeded. But when a grand season set in, those opposed to Confederation denounced it as a trick to rob Newfoundland of her fisheries, and in the fall by a sweeping majority the scheme was defeated which had been passed in May. Sir Ambrose believes that it will not be long before Newfoundland is a part of the Dominion, but no attempt will ever be made to bring it in without a popular vote. Had the election not been delayed as it was Newfoundland would now be a part of Canada without a struggle.

In speaking of his own career, which he always does with modesty, he told me he was knighted in 1883 for his services to the colony and that though he had been for so many years in public life and had been a colleague, without office, of so many cabinets, he never previously held an official place of any kind, never drew a cent of public money for his services and now he is not in receipt of a salary large enough to pay his expenses. In this respect he differs widely from many of our K.C.B.'s who have held office for decades and have grown rich with the money they have received from the public till. As a sample of the rather shabby way in which his services to Canada have been received he showed me the voluminous correspondence with Secretary Bayard of President Cleveland's Cabinet. In May, 1885, when the fisheries treaty was about to be terminated, he received a roving commission from the Newfoundland Board of Trade to go to Washington and see what could be done towards influencing the authorities to extend the time for six months longer from the termination of the treaty on the 1st of July. If terminated in the midst of the season it would doubtless have caused a vast deal of trouble and international difficulty. The Canadian Government had made no movement in the matter. Sir Lionel West, the British Minister at Washington, freely confessed that he did not know anything about the fishery business. After spending some time with Secretary Bayard an agreement was reached which the secretary believed he could have ratified if satisfactory to Sir Lionel West and the Canadian Government. The British Minister acquiesced in the agreement and Sir Ambrose left for Montreal where, by appointment, he met the head of the Canadian Fishery



SIR AMBROSE SHEA, K C B.

Department, who endeavored to get him to meet the Cabinet at the Capital. Sir Ambrose being hard pressed for time refused, but by putting a special train at his disposal they induced him to remain over and his draft of the agreement was accepted and a vast deal of trouble averted. "Yet," said he, with a quiet smile, "I got none of the credit of the negotiations, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Lionel West getting the glory while I did all the work." That the credit is due to the Newfoundlander is amply proved by the letter of Secretary Bayard which closed the correspondence.

I have written so much about the Governor of the Bahamas because he is an unusual character whose life work has been, and is, a model for many of those who are more pretentious. Lady Shea was a granddaughter of Commodore Bouchette, and daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bouchette, at one time Surveyor-General of Quebec, also a native Canadian and an eminent topographer honored not only at home but by societies of scientists abroad. (Mr. Bouchette Anderson, so well known and popular here, is her nephew.) They have no family but keep an open house, and I am sure her ladyship will excuse me for saying that I think her hospitality is charming and that she is awfully jolly.

DON.

Killed in Battle in the Last 35 Years.

"Did you ever think how few people are killed during wars?" asked Thomas Sloane of Boston as he sat in the Colonnade last evening. "Well, here is a memorandum I made recently regarding deaths in battle since 1855. The entire number killed during these thirty-four years—exclusive of those who died from disease—is about 2,253,000. In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed; the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the slaughter of 45,000; in the American civil war, 800,000; in the Danish war (1864), 3,000; in the Austro-Prussian war, 45,000; in the Franco-German war—France 155,000. Germany 50,000; in the Turko Russian war, 250,000; the South African wars, 30,000; the Afghan war, 25,000; the Mexican and Cochin Chinese expedition, 65,000; and the Bulgarian Servian insurrection, 25,000."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Papa's Wise Counsel.

Little Boy (wrestling with a lesson on electricity)—Papa, what's a volt?

Papa (stumped)—Um—look in the dictionary.

Little Boy (hunting it up and reading)—"Volt—The unit of electro-motive force. One volt will force one ampere of current through one ohm of resistance." (What's an ampere, papa?

Papa (with emotion)—Look in the dictionary.

Little Boy (after a moment)—"Ampere—The unit of strength of the current per second. Its value is the quantity of fluid which flows per second through one ohm of resistance when impelled by one volt." Papa, what's ohm mean?

Papa (wildly)—Look in the dictionary.

Little Boy (after a search)—"Ohm—The unit of resistance represented by the resistance through which one ampere of current will flow at a pressure of one volt." Papa, what—

Papa (desperately)—Look in the dictionary. When you want to know anything always look in the dictionary, and then you'll remember it. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

Jonathan in Switzerland.

There is something exquisitely cool in the following reply of a Yankee to a European traveler when the traveler asked if he had just crossed the Alps:

"Wall, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground!"

Woman's Gratitude.

Fogg—I went to hear Gusherleigh preach last Sunday.

Brown—Why, I thought you hated to hear him.

Fogg—So I do; but it was his farewell sermon. I went out of pure gratitude.—*Boston Transcript.*

Wanted Directions.

Busy Cabman (closing the door)—Where to, sir!

Apoplectic Gentleman (gasping)—I—I can't catch my breath! I—I feel as if I were going to die.

Busy Cabman—Yes, sir. Shall I drive to an undertaker's or the morgue, sir?

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Early in the sweet June morning—sweet and fair although it brooded over London, the smokiest city in the world—Cynthia was again walking in Kensington Gardens. She had not gone far before she met her father, with whom she had made an appointment for half-an-hour.

"Well, Cynthia, my girl!"—"I have come, you see, father.

"I hardly thought you'd get here so soon after your party-going last night," said her father. "You look pretty tired too. Well, my girl, I told you I'd been staying down at Beechfield."

"Yes; and I was terribly anxious about you all the time, father. It was such a daring thing to do! Suppose any one had suspected you?"

"Not much fear o' that!" said Westwood, a little scornfully. "Why, look at me! Am I like the man I was at Beechfield ten years ago? I was a sort of outcast then, having sunk from bad to worse through my despair when I lost your mother, Cynthia; but, now that I have a new coat on my back and money in my pocket, all through my luck in the States, not to speak of this white hair which I shall keep to until I'm back to the West again, I'm a different man, and nobody ever thinks of suspecting me."

He was different, Cynthia noticed, in more than one respect—he was far less silent and morose than he used to be. In fact, the West had brought out some unexpected reserves of decision and readiness of speech, and his success—his luck, as he sometimes called it—had cheered his spirits. He was still distant and he was often bitter still; but he was no longer downcast.

"They'd not have much chance if they did suspect me," he said, after a little pause; "if they thought that they'd got me again, they'd find their mistake. I'd put a bullet through my head before ever I went back to Portland!"

"Oh, father, don't speak so!"

"Come, Cynthy, don't you pretend! You're a brave girl and a spirited one, I'm sure, or wouldn't you yourself sooner die than be cooped up in a jail, or set to work in a quarry with an armed warder watching you all day long?—Well, I'm no brave man to do it, I ask you—being a brave girl and not a namby-pamby creature as hasn't got a will of her own and don't know better than to say where she's going, Cynthia!"

"Don't speak quite so loud, father dear," said Cynthia—"there are people turning round to look at us. I don't know what I should do in those circumstances, perhaps, as you say, I should think it better to end it all." She looked aside as she spoke, for her dark eyes had filled with hot, heavy tears. How she wished at that moment that she could end it all as easily as she said the words! "Sit down for a little time, will you, father?" she asked. "It is a warm morning, and I am rather tired."

She had another reason for wishing to sit down. She had observed that for some time a tall woman in black had been apparently regarding them with interest, following them at a little distance, slackening and quickening her pace in accordance with their own. The stranger was thickly veiled; and, when she saw that Cynthia and her father were walking towards a vacant seat, she turned to the same direction. There was nothing to prevent her from sitting down on the same bench and stopping or putting a stop to all private conversation or listening to what they had to say; but Cynthia was equal to the emergency. She turned her head and gave the woman a long, long look of inquiry, half of disdain, which seemed to overawe the intruder, who stood by the bench for a moment rather uncertainly. Then Cynthia touched her father's arm.

"Do you know this person?" she asked in a low voice, but one so clear that it must have reached the woman's ears.

"Know her!" said Westwood, starting and looking suspiciously at the black figure. "No, I don't know her, unless she's some busybody from a person staying with my landlady just now—a Miss Meldreth. I wonder—Shall I speak to her, Cynthia?"

But she woman had already moved from her standing position by the bench, and was walking away as fast as she could conveniently go. She had fair hair and a fine figure, but her face could not be seen.

"It is very like," said Westwood, standing up and staring after her. "She's been very friendly with me since I came; and I've had tea with her and Mrs. Gunn more than once. Strange to relate, she comes from Beechfield too. She's the daughter of old Mrs. Meldreth, who used to keep the sweetie-shop; don't you remember her?"

"Then she was watching you—following you! Oh, father, do be careful!"

"What should she be watching me for?" said Westwood, but with some trouble took upon his face. "I've never had aught to do with her."

"Did you hear of her at all at Beechfield?"

"There was a bit of gossip about her and her mother; they said that Mrs. Vane at Beechfield Hall knew them and was kind to them. Some said that she paid them; but nobody knew what for."

"And she is lodging in the same house with you and following you about! Then I tell you what she is, father—she is a spy of the Vanes. She suspects you and wants to put you in prison again. Oh, father do change your lodgings, or go straight back to Portland! You have been in England a month, and it is very dangerous. You have nothing to stay for—nothing; and, if you like"—her voice sank almost to a whisper—"I will go back with you."

"Will you, Cynthy! There's my own good girl!" said her father, an unwonted sense of pleasure beaming in his eyes. "You're one of the right sort, you are, and you shan't regret it. But, as to danger, I don't see it. There's nobody can recognize me, as you are well aware; and what else have I to fear?" Cynthia had noted before that he was almost childishly vain of his disguise. She herself was not disposed to rely upon it with half so blind a confidence, for she knew how easily the secrets of "making-up" can be read by an experienced eye. "Besides, Miss Meldreth was lodging at Mrs. Gunn's before ever I went there—so that's a pure coincidence. If she'd come after I went down to Beechfield, there might be something in it. But it's an accidental thing."

"It may be accidental, and yet a source of danger," said Cynthia anxiously. "I wish you would go back to the States at once, father. I am quite ready to go. There is nothing to keep me in England now."

"Why, have you broken off with that young man?" said Westwood sharply.

"Not altogether." The remembrance of the previous night's kiss under the umbrella made Cynthia's cheeks burn red as she replied. "Like, since I never what you have told me—that he is a relative of the Vanes of Beechfield—I have determined that it cannot go on. He and his family would hate me if they knew—that he forget the past; I cannot forget what they did and said; and I do not see how I can marry a man who unjustly believes that my father was his kinsman's murderer. The fire came back to her eyes, the firmness to her voice, as she spoke.

Westwood watched her admiringly.

"Well spoke, my little girl—well spoke! I didn't think you had it in you—I didn't indeed! Let him go his way, and let us go ours. I didn't tell you all that I might ha' done when I came back from Beechfield the other day, because I didn't rightly know whether you was with me or against me.

"With you—always with you, dear father!"

"And I was a little doubtful, so to speak, seeing as how you had taken up, although by accident, with a fellow belonging to the camp of my enemies. But now I'll tell you a little more. Miss Mr. Lepel ever told you that he had a sister?"

"No."

"Well, he has; and, what's more, she's married to the old general—you remember him at Beechfield?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you remember her too—a very fair lady, as used to walk out with the little girl—Mr. Sydney Vane's little girl?"

Cynthia was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she said, at length—"I think I remember her."

"You've seen the child too?"

"Yes"—Cynthia's eyes softened; "I am sure I remember her."

"I'll tell you about her presently. I've got a notion in my head about these Lepels. Miss Lepel, as was, and Mr. Sydney Vane was in love with one another and about to run away from England when he was killed. I know that for a fact, so you needn't look so scared. They was on the point of an elopement when he died. I saw them that all along; but, stupid like, I never thought of putting two and two together and connecting it with his death. It just seemed a pity to throw more shame and blame on the dead, seeing as how there was his wife and child to bear all the disgrace; and so I held my tongue."

"But how did you know, father?"

"By using my eyes and my ears," said Westwood, briefly—"that's how I knew. They used to meet in the little plantation often enough. I've lain low in a dry ditch more than once when they were close by and heard their goings-on. They were going off next day, when Mr. Vane met with his death. And that I say is that somebody related to Miss Lepel found out the truth and shot him like a dog.

"Why did you not think of this at the right time? Oh, father, it is too late now!"

"I'm not so sure of that. And, as for the gun—well, that often puzzled me; for I hadn't been in myself that afternoon, Cynthy, and yet it had been fired—and that's what made part of the evidence against me. I'd been out that afternoon, and, coming home, who should I see in the distance but two or three gentlemen strolling along the road—Mr. Vane and the general and one or two strangers? Quick as thought, I laid my gun down and walked on as careless as you please. They met me—you know, that was a bit of the general's evidence. I looked back when I passed them, and I saw Mr. Sydney Vane separate himself from the other gentlemen and walk into the plantation. I did not like to go back just then; and so I waited. There was two or three ways of getting into the fir plantation, so I don't know when he came; but I reckon he had

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

When Doctor Graham had said that the last place where Stanley was likely to meet Hugh Cameron was in his wife's boudoir, he had spoken correctly. They saw but little of each other during the season; and Laura's time seemed fully taken up by the change and gaiety which were so wearisome and yet so imperative to the woman whose one endeavour was to obtain a few moments' forgetfulness. Hugh went out with her, certainly, to the great entertainments and balls and matinees; but, on those occasions when she could dispense with his attendance, he seldom intruded upon her—he seized eagerly every opportunity of solitude, which would allow him to drop the mask of happiness which he felt bound to assume in his wife's presence, and which deceived her as little as it deceived himself.

He was very good to the woman whose selfish passion had ruined his happiness; he was anxious to destroy that she should be happy, and would have made any sacrifice to make her so. But he knew in his heart that he was always acting a part when with her; and sometimes he fancied that Laura knew it also, and that her dreadful moods of alternate coldness and caprice showed that she did; and at these times he was sensitive to the wrong done her in some measure by making her his wife when he had no love for her, when all his heart belonged to the woman who had betrayed him.

He was thinking of his wife with some uneasiness one afternoon towards the end of May, as he went slowly along the Thames Embankment towards the Houses of Parliament. An hour earlier he had entered the octagon room unceremoniously and unseen by his wife, who was its sole occupant, and had been sadly impressed by the extreme weariness and dejection of her attitude and by a look of fragility which he had not noticed in her before. She had answered his anxious inquiries more carelessly than usual, and had denied feeling at all indisposed. She was going out to some social calls; and, when he had put her in her carriage, although she smiled her adieux, he saw, or fancied he saw, a look of anguish in the beautiful eyes which had met his for a moment.

"Is she unhappy too?" he was asking himself, as he sauntered slowly on beside the river as it gleamed in the sunshine. "Is no one happy? What a problem life is!"

He was so absorbed in thought that, when he was suddenly aroused by shouts and cries, he looked up with a start. There had been a carriage accident within a few yards of him; the horses attached to a heavy dray had become unmanageable, and one of the great wheels had collided with a victoria coming in the opposite direction. So violent was the collision that, had not the coachman retained his presence of mind as well as complete control over his frightened horses, a very serious accident would no doubt have resulted. As it was, one of the servants was thrown off his seat, and the light vehicle oscillated violently. At a glance Hugh recognized the liveries of the servants, and ran forward with a great fear blanching his face. The horses were still plunging violently, and, had his movements been less prompt, the only occupant of the carriage might have been thrown out; but, at some risk to himself, Hugh managed to reach the side of the victoria and to assist her to alight. By this time the footman had sufficiently recovered from his fall to go to the horses' heads, and was endeavoring to pacify them. A little crowd had assembled, in the middle of which Stanley Gerant stood calm and quiet, but very pale; while Hugh was holding her hand in his.

"You are not hurt?" he queried, in a low tone, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, utterly unconscious of the eager curious faces around them in his terror lest she should have been injured.

She drew her hand gently from his.

"No," she replied, "I am not hurt. I hope there is not much damage done, and that Hooky has sustained no injury."

Her look and the tone of her voice calmed him, and he turned from her and went to the servants. The horses were quiet now, and the coachman was endeavoring to ascertain if any injury the carriage had sustained. Although it proved not to be serious, it was sufficient to render the victoria useless for a time; and the crowd was growing with the incredible rapidity with which a London crowd does grow, while Stanley's face was assuming a cold and proud expression.

"Let me take you into the gardens," he said to her. "You will be out of this crowd."

"Thank you," she said, in a tone of relief, and turned with him towards the Temple Gardens.

"If you will wait here for a few moments, I will ascertain the extent of the mishap," he said quietly. "I am afraid your carriage is useless for the present. What would you prefer to do? Will you continue your ride in a cab, or shall Soames go back for a carriage?"

"I am afraid I have not sufficient courage to do anything but walk!" she said, smiling. "Perhaps in a few minutes I shall feel differently."

"Are you sure you are not hurt!" he asked, in a tone of anxiety.

"Oh, yes—quite sure!"

He left her for a few moments, and, when he returned, found she had not moved from the seat where he had placed her. Her face was very pale under her gray heavily-plumed hat, and her lips were somewhat unsteady.

"If you will allow me, I will walk with you," he said gently. "Soames is terribly distressed, although I think there is no blame attached to him. I wish I could get you some wine. You have been a good deal shaken, I fear!"

He had regained his calmness now, and was sufficiently his usual self to speak to her as if he had been but an ordinary acquaintance, though he did not look at her after the first glance; he was not calm enough for that.

"Oh, it is nothing!" she returned rather faintly. "I was frightened; but it is not that which has made me so nervous. I have only just left my father at the House. I am so thankful he was not with me! And I am so thankful, too, for his sake," she went on, forcing a smile, "that I am unhurt!"

"I am thankful too," he said in a low tone.

"I think, but for you," she began; but her voice suddenly failed her, and she was silent for a few minutes before she could continue. "I owe you my thanks and gratitude! Father will thank you also."

"I did nothing," he answered quietly. "Pray do not speak of it! I am glad—" He paused abruptly, forcing back the words which rose to his lips. "I suppose you do not often come into these old gardens?" he said presently. "They are rather a favorite resort of mine. I agree with John Westlock that it is a good old place."

"John Westlock!" Stanley rejoined inquiringly.

"Yes. Don't you remember honest John Westlock in Martin Chuzzlewit?" he asked lightly. "He walked here with little Ruth Pinch, and they both found the Temple Gardens a very pleasant place."

The last words were almost whispered; for in his confusion he had forgotten that John Westlock and Ruth Pinch had bought the old gardens so pleasant because they loved each other and were together in them.

"It is very pretty and quiet here," said Stanley, "I never come here; but we are so seldom in London."

"I your stay to be a long one now?" he asked hurkily.

"No; we shall be here only a very short time longer. My father soon wearies of London—and so do I."

"Yes," he murmured, with a wistful glance at her—"I remember you never cared much for London."

He remembered that. What was there he did not remember of those blissful weeks which had held all the happiness of his life?

She was silent. It was difficult to utter commonplaces, and nothing else was allowed them.

The sun was shining on her as she sat, on the folds of her soft gray gown with its delicate feather trimming, on her golden-brown hair, on the little gloved hands clasped very tightly on her lap.

It was very still and pleasant in the gardens. The spring flowers were all in bloom; the golden tassels of the laburnum gleamed among the green leaves; the perfume of the flowering lilacs filled the air. Ever afterwards the fragrance of lilac conjured up that scene before Stanley's eyes—the gardens, the river, and the tall grave figure with haggard averted face standing near her.

Suddenly she looked up at him, and spoke without the consistent which had hitherto marked her manner.

"You did not hurt yourself in helping me just now, did you?" she asked. "You look very pale, and as if you were suffering."

"Oh, no, he answered absently—"I am not hurt!"

"I hope Mrs. Cameron is well?" she said.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, in the same absent manner, wondering how long his self-control would endure.

"I did not know until quite recently," she went on desperately, "that you had been so ill last autumn."

"Did you not?—with a bitter smile. "I was very ill, I suppose, but not ill enough, you see."

His smile hurt her so keenly that for a moment she could not speak.

"We did not know," she faltered. "I am glad you are quite strong again now."

"I have been told that you are to be congratulated," he said abruptly; "I hear on all sides of your engagement to Lord Sevon," she said coldly; "therefore your congratulations are uncalled for."

"You are not engaged!" he echoed slowly, turning his haggard face to her.

"No."

"But—you are going to be?"

She drew up her white throat with the haughty gesture he knew so well.

"No," she repeated, looking at him very proudly, although in the momentary meeting of their eyes hers had softened and become dim.

"Stanley!" he exclaimed breathlessly, then relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Presently he went on in a low tone, "Forgive me—I had no right—forgive me! But there are times when my misery seems greater than I can endure. Oh, my child, why were you so cruel to me? Why did you send me from you to such a fate as mine?"

"Was it rather you who were cruel to me?" she said faintly. "You left my letter unanswered. If you are unhappy, it is by your own choice."

"Your letter!" he exclaimed. "What letter? I never had a letter from you since—"

"I feared you had not," she interposed, a thrill of joy making her heart beat fast. "I thought you would have written"—with a wan smile. "It cannot be helped now. I wrote to you."

"You wrote to me—you wrote? I might have come back to you?"

"Why talk of it now? It is so useless!" she said wearily. "Yes, I wrote; but no answer came, and I thought you could not forgive what we had made you suffer. The letter miscarried, no doubt—and it is too late now."

He uttered an inarticulate expression of passionate sorrow and anger.

"We must bear it," she said very gently. "You have made ties for yourself which will in time bring you happiness; I have my father; and life has sacred duties for all of us."

He did not seem to heed, or even to hear. He was helpless with misery at the thought of what might have been—what was.

"Stanley, Stanley," he murmured, looking at her despairingly, "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!"

"You forget!" she said, turning her sad eyes away lest she should see the anguish on his worn and haggard face.

She spoke very quietly; but the two simple words recalled him to himself. Another woman had claims upon him which must be respected for ever. This woman whom he loved so passionately could be nothing to him. He was young, and there were probably many long years of life before them both—years which might have been full of happiness if only he had not raised between them an insurmountable barrier.

"Dear Heaven, how can I bear it!" he muttered, as he stood there by her side, so near that the soft folds of her gown swept his feet—so near that, by moving his hand, he could have taken hers; and yet he did not touch her, although, in that terrible moment when all her heart had gone out to him in pity and love, she might have forgiven much. "Stanley, have you never thought of how I suffer?"

"I thought you were happy," she answered faintly; "now that I know otherwise, I think my heart must break!"

Her voice failed her, and she was silent, looking away from him towards the sunlit river. She dared not look at him just then, although his eyes were fixed upon her face with a look of passionate appeal. There was a pain at her heart which seemed as if it must suffocate her. It was terrible to think of her suffering and of his through such a trifle as a letter lost through the post. Millions of letters were carried safely to their destination every day, thousands of which were of no great importance either to the sender or to the receiver, and this one, which had held in its few lines the fate of two people, had been lost. It was very cruel! It seemed just then almost too cruel to be endured.

"A letter!" he said brokenly, after a long silence. "Such a little thing! And yet it meant so much to us—so much, so much!"

"There will be a cab," she said, after a painful silence. "Shall I hail it, I dare say?"

He went with her down the pathway to the gate, neither speaking as they walked side by side. He felt that one word might break down the self control upon which she was difficult in maintaining, and that he might utter words which would offend her and make her angry with him for ever. Stanley, for all her pride and calmness, felt that very little more would make her give way to helpless sobbing.

In the gardens they had been almost alone; on the embankment the solitude was exchanged for bustle and life, hurrying pedestrians, swiftly-moving vehicles.

Almost mechanically Hugh signalled to a passing cabman.

"You can go alone?" he said to her in a very low tone.

"Yes; I am better alone," she answered.

He opened the cab door for her, and she got in. Then she held out her hand to Hugh, who stood pale as death, with a dreadful look of sadness in his eyes.

"Good-bye!" she said brokenly.

His lips moved, but no sound came from them; he released her hand gently and stepped back. As the cab was driven away, he stood watching it until it passed out of sight; then he turned and went back into the gardens. When he reached the seat where Stanley had rested, he sank down upon it heavily. It seemed as if the sunshine mocked his misery as it fell upon him through the trees.

The sunshine was fading and dying away in a crimson glow in the western sky when he rose to leave the gardens. He saw lying at his feet on the greensward a bunch of violets which he remembered having seen in the bodice of Stanley's gown, and which had fallen unobserved. He picked up the flowers, looking at them for a moment with tear-dimmed eyes; then he put them to his lips, and reverently placed them upon the seat and walked away. When he had gone a few steps, he paused and turned as if to go back for them, hesitated, then, with a strong effort, turned away again and went his way. There was a strange feeling of loss and void in his heart as he passed out of the gardens—such a feeling as a man might have when he turned away from the newly-made grave of one whom he loved.

(To be continued.)

The Way to Matrimony.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a man who was sipping claret with several others the other day.

"He has got to be fully togged out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delsarte system. That is their idea at first; but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal that way. Most of them do the one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide if each one will give the circumstances of his proposal.

"'We're in,' said a gray haired benedict.

"Begin with your own.

"'All right,' I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh riding. We were talking about sentimental things and neglected to notice that we ran onto a stretch of road where the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, because he couldn't drag us. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging along a country road with my left hand on a horse's bridle and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress suit.

"'My proposal,' said the gray-haired old man, 'was made also during a sleigh-ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and in going over a bump of some kind the seat, with us in it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice, comfortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We were in a disjointed position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did.'

"'I'll give you a summer story,' said a young man but recently married. 'I did my courting in a place full of romance, but the proposal never came at a romantic time; in fact, I don't think a man is responsible for the time he proposes. It just comes, and that is all there is of it. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat; then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted into a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I let it go. A little later I met her again, in the parlor of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then. There was nothing to inspire sentiment in the meeting, and therefore I say sentiment doesn't go.'

It was the sentiment of the meeting that no girl is proposed to in the way she expects."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Value of Experience.

The St. Louis *Chronicle* says: Mayor Noonan this morning received the following petition from the West End:

The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten.

Whereas, We the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are bindily captivated by widows, and we are heavily aggrieved thereby, in consequence of this, our request is that your Excellency will in future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else to pay, each of them, a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall marry widows.

The great disadvantage to us maids is that widows by their forward carriage do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration.

We hope you will permit us further insults, and we poor maids in duty bound will ever pray. You would confer a great favor on us if you would give this your earliest attention.

A Great Irrigation Scheme.

The great Bear River canal in Utah, for the construction of which $2,000,000 has been provided, is expected to be one of the most extensive irrigation works in America. To get the river along the side hill along Bear River canon and onto the plain near Plymouth will necessitate moving 220,000 cubic yards of solid rock, 19,000 cubic yards of loose rock, 1,528,000 cubic yards of earth, and digging 1 200 feet of tunnel. The canal will irrigate 200,000 acres in Salt Lake valley and 6,000 300 on Bear River, increasing the value of the land to $50 per acre, while fencing, building, and village are expected to double this valuation in a year.

Bear lake is in Southeastern Idaho. The reservoir for this canal covers 150 square miles, and the canal will secure the irrigation of a territory extending to Ogden.

Drawing the Line.

First Baggage Smasher (wildly)—Here, hold on there, Bill. Handle that 'ere trunk carefully.

Second Baggage Smasher (almost paralyzed with amazement)—Her—her—ye lost yer mind!

First Baggage Smasher (impressively)—That trunk—is my—wife's.—*The Jury.*

Juvenile Repentance.

"Johnny, you have been a bad boy to-day."

"Yes'm."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes'm."

"Why are you sorry?"

"Cos I know that the chances are about seventeen to two that I'm going to get licked."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Voice.

Probably no one can ever fully estimate how much influence he is constantly exerting through his tones of voice. Nothing is so powerful to cheer the despondent, rouse a discouraged group as the inspiring tones of hope in the words of a new arrival. Who has not seen the immediate effect of a glad and sprightly voice breaking in upon a dull and uninterested party of people? How their eyes brighten, and their brows clear, and their forms become erect! On the other hand, let a solemn, or doleful, or fretful voice break in on a gay and cheerful company, and how quickly the shadow dies on the light, and darkening influence goes round! The infant who cannot understand a word that his mother say is soothed and pleased, or grieved and frightened by her tones, and the seeds thus sown of love and gentleness, or of harshness and impatience, are sure to bear fruit in his later development, and exert a strong influence in mellowing his future character, and preparing it to contend the better with the roughness of the world.

Tit for Tat.

Brayne—May I see you home, Miss Heighton?

Miss Heighton (coldly)—No, thank you. I'm particular in the company I keep.

Brayne—Well, you see I'm not.—*The Jury.*

A Large Specimen.

Mrs. Cumeo (reading)—A fourteen foot shark has been captured on the Florida coast.

Cumeo—Huh! I didn't know that hotel keepers ever grew that tall.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Rare Good Luck.

Fond Mamma—Why, what have you in your apron?

Little Daughter (breathlessly)—Oh, mamma! Such good luck! Dotty Dimple's cat had six kittens, and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Tie on the Track.

"Taher most 'mark'ble shing," said Mr. Lushley, leaning himself against a lamp post, after several lapses from perpendicularity. "Heresh this worl' bin goin' round' an' roun' for all theesh years at er frightful rate of sp-speed, an thish ish er first time I ever knew it not to run shmooth. Shombody's bin puttin' a tie on the track.—*Washington Post.*

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Editor—James, what is that moving in the waste basket—a mouse!
James (examining basket)—No, sir; it's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir.
Editor—Pour some water on it and throw it in the ash barrel; the place isn't insured.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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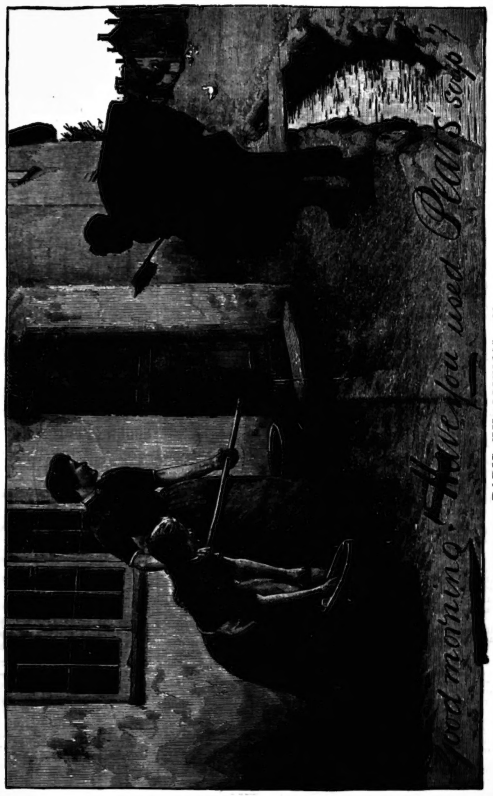

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Trinity Talk.

The annual Easter supplemental examinations, which give the unfortunate Christmas pluckees a chance to regain their lost honors, begin on Saturday next and continue during part of the following week, when the second year Trinity medical students will also be at work in the Convocation Hall. I am glad to say the list of names of those who have to try this examination is short, and let us hope all will meet with success in their second endeavor.

•

A regular meeting of the Missionary and Theological Society took place on Tuesday evening last, when Mr. B. H. Bedford-Jones read a clever and instructive paper on Mohammedanism. Mr. Hibbard has been appointed secretary owing to Mr. Loucks' resignation.

•

The last regular meeting of the Literary Institute for the year took place on Friday last, Mr. Leech occupying the chair. Mr. Troop read an extremely clever essay on The Encouragement of Canadian Literature. Mr. Garrett then read a most amusing selection entitled Father McGuire's Controversy with the Pope. The debate, which was on the compulsory chapel system, was won by Mr. Loucks and Mr. Martin who showed plainly the many evils resulting from such a plan. The following were proposed as officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, B.A., Mr. H. V. Thompson, B.A.; secretary, Mr. J. Graham Abbott, Mr. J. G. Carter-Troop; treasurer, Mr. J. J. Coleman, Mr. Howden; curator, Mr. C. H. Sills, Mr. Garrett; councillor, Mr. Price, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Martin; librarian, Messrs. Hedley, Gemmill, Orr.

•

Apropos of the action the English Universities have taken with regard to the Trinity musical degrees, a short explanation of the affair may not be out of place. The trouble arose from the fact that Trinity University had established a musical course in England, of which course many prominent musicians availed themselves since the English Universities required a year's residence at college before conferring a degree. This was the chief difference in the two courses, both requiring three years' study with an examination at the end of the final year, and as the Trinity examiners consisted of three of England's most prominent musicians, no fault could be found on the score of incompetent examiners. From these facts it certainly looks as though the English universities were jealous of the energetic Canadian college, and were, for this reason and no other, endeavoring to lose for her the power of granting musical degrees.

•

The annual cricket meeting for the election of officers for the coming season will be held on Monday evening next.

•

What undoubtedly is one of Trinity's most interesting events takes place on Tuesday evening next; the event I allude to is the reading of *Episcopon*, a college paper in which the little faults of the undergraduates are made fun of in a harmless way. Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, who is this year's scribe, has promised us an excellent number.

•

The highly commendable action of the non-resident students in deciding to wear academic costume to and from lectures has unfortunately not been so universally kept up as I should like to see. Even the prime mover of the motion has succumbed to the gibes of the Queen street small boys; still, however, several undergraduates may be seen wending their way homeward after morning lectures in cap and gown, with a numerous retinue of street Arabs who seem to derive a marvelous deal of amusement out of a mortar board. I hope these students will not be cruel enough to deprive them of their innocent pleasure by ceasing to wear their academics.

•

On Tuesday evening last a most successful entertainment was given in Convocation Hall by Mr. S. H. Clarke, Trinity's lecturer in elocution, whose thoroughness as a lecturer and powers as an elocutionist are well known in Toronto. The evening was opened by a bright glee, Dame Durdon, by the Glee Club, after which Rev. Prof. Clark, who occupied the chair, introduced the elocutionist, whose first reading was Matthew Arnold's thrilling story, Sohrab and Rustum, which was rendered with a power and precision which called forth loud applause. The humorous selections recited by Mr. Clarke were Thackeray's Willow Tree and The Kitchen Clock. The evening was brought to a close by the Glee Club singing Three Jolly Chaffers with much feeling, especially on the part of the basses, whose feeling for notes was not accompanied with much success. Mr. Loucks, B.A., in a neat little speech tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. Clarke. CÆCUS.

Amusements.

Commencing with Thursday night next the attraction at the Grand Opera House, for a short season of three nights and a Saturday matinee, is to be the eminent tragedian, Mr. Thomas W. Keene, who will present on Thursday night Bulwer's historical masterpiece, Richelieu; on Friday night, for the first time here, his latest grand characterization of Louis XI; at the Saturday matinee The Merchant of Venice; and for the night performance on the same day his famous portrayal, King Richard III. Thomas W. Keene at the present time, with one exception, is the best known and most popular tragedian in America. He belongs to a class of stars who work for their distinction, and win it after years of the most ardent study and persistent labor. He began his stage career when but fifteen years old serving an apprenticeship of twenty-two years during which he has played both in Europe and America. Nature not satisfied with having given Mr. Keene dramatic genius, blessed him with a manly physique, a rich and powerful voice, a pair of speaking eyes and a face of wonderful expression. Indeed his face is a most fortunate one, and the exceeding mobility it possesses makes it easier for the actor to give variety to his roles. Naturally it is poetical in expression and emotional, though never without a lurking sense of humor. In his fine face there is expression difficult to describe but none the less existent; which marks great earnestness of thought and study, which tends to make his representations very intense and real.

Miss Laura McGillivray, a charming and clever elocutionist, will read in Bond street Church on March 21. Of her work the Ottawa *Free Press* speaks as follows: Miss Laura McGillivray made her bow for the first time before an Ottawa audience and from the start captured her hearers by her charming appearance and faultless elocution. Her first recitation, The Minuet, has often been rendered in Ottawa and by some of the first elocutionists, but certainly Miss McGillivray compares favorably with any, as the rapturous and enthusiastic recall amply testified. She gave for an encore Gentleman Dick but was obliged to appear twice again before the audience was satisfied. Miss McGillivray is one of the most entertaining readers ever heard in Ottawa and is sure of a warm reception when next she visits the Capital.

•

Mr. A. M. Palmer sends a company to the Grand Opera House next Monday to produce Jim the Penman that with very few exceptions is entirely new to Toronto theater-goers in this play. There is no play on the American stage to-day that is more familiar than this one, that tells of a forger's misdeeds, and no other has probably received such extended newspaper comment. The reason therefor was obvious, old material newly but strongly treated. And its hold upon theater-going people seems to be as strong as ever. Joseph Whiting, who plays the part of James Ralston, the Jim of the play, has been seen here before in the part, and his acting has come in for much favorable comment. But the Nina of next week's production is a new one. Ellie Wilton, who was Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke in The Henrietta all last year and played that genteel comedy part with much grace, will this year be Nina, the forger's wife. All the other characters are in the hands of good people, and this powerful play will, no doubt, be witnessed again by hundreds whom it has delighted before.

•

The Catholic Celtic League will give a concert in St. Andrew's Hall on the evening of Monday, March 17. A strong programme will be rendered, embracing among the names of performers the Misses Annie Memory, Kate Strong and Agnes Law, and Messrs. Warrington, Sims Richards, Ramsay, Blakeley and Sullivan.

•

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OTTAWA.

Thursday evening of last week the Rebels' Hockey Club were At Home at the Rideau Rink to about three hundred guests. After the skating an interesting hockey match was played between two of the local clubs.

Friday evening, also, the rink was the resort of society, the occasion being the championship races, all of which proved very exciting.

The same evening Mrs. W. H. Davies of Theodore street gave a large progressive euchre party.

Mrs. Perley also gave a euchre party the same evening.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bacon entertained several friends at their residence on Daly avenue on Friday evening.

Mrs. Powell gave another euchre party the same evening.

Alas for the religious morals of this city! Saturday last could not possibly be "counted out" of Lent, and yet the events on that day were largely attended, owing no doubt to were more numerous than ever. The At Home at Government House in the afternoon was the best of its being about the last this year.

The At Home of Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie and Madame Laurier at the Grand Union in the evening was a great success.

The same evening there was a drill exhibition at the Drill Hall, by the Highland Cadet Corps of Montreal, which proved a great attraction, hundreds witnessing their clever performance.

A skating party, too—that never failing source of amusement—was given by Mrs. Rattan at Dey's rink.

The press concert at the House of Commons was also an attraction, and it was certainly one of the most successful musical events of the season. Among the guests were Messrs. Trow, M.P., Macdonald, M.P., and Somerville, M.P., and Messrs. Ruttan and Hearn of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Willison of the Toronto *Globe*, President of the Press Gallery, ably discharged the duties of chairman, while the accompanists were Professor Koehler and Mr. Robert Brewer.

There was also a large dinner party at Earnscliffe the same evening. Among the Premier's guests were Hon. Mr. and Madame Lacoste, Messrs. Burns, Earle, Freeman, Prior, Rooms, Skinner, Sproule and Wood, M.P.'s, Lieut.-General and Mrs. Laurie, the Rev. Provost of Trinity College (Toronto), Capt. Boulton, R.N., and Mrs. Boulton, Capt. the Hon. C. R. and Mrs. Colville and Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Toronto.

The McGill graduates of this city will shortly form themselves into a society, among the leaders of the movement being Sir James Grant, M.D., H. P. Wright, M.D., R. W. Powell, M.D., and P. D. Ross, B.Sc.

Sir John Macdonald gave a stag dinner party in the House of Commons *café* the other evening to some thirty M.P.'s.

Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron entertained the following at dinner the other evening: Hon. J. Ross and Madame Chapleau, Hon. Senators Dickey and De Blois, Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Barnard, M.P., and Mrs. Barnard, Hon. Arthur Stanley, Capt. MacMahon and Capt. Ricardo of Government House, Col. and Mrs. Lay, and Miss Lay.

The expected visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, as a guest at Government House, has set those who are "in the swim" in a whirl of excitement. It is said that great gaiety is to prevail during His Royal Highness' stay. It is more than likely, however, that several who expect to meet him will be told that they "conhaught on him." H.R.H. will be accompanied by his equerry, Major-General Sir James McNeill.

Her Excellency, accompanied by her daughter, the Hon. Isobel Stanley, Miss Lister and Hon. Mrs. Colville will leave for England on or about March 25.

The Hon. the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Allan have given several dinner parties during the week: amongst the invited guests being Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Hon. C. C. Colby, Hon. C. Boulton, Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P., and Mr. Stewart Tupper.

What will probably be the last of the very popular club skating parties was held last Monday evening at the Rideau Rink.

Mrs. Douglas Stewart of Wellington street gave a large At Home on Thursday afternoon from 4 to 7.

Miss Smith, daughter of Hon. Frank Smith, and her guest, Miss Arthurs, have returned to Toronto.

Miss Carrie Romaine gave an afternoon musicale Wednesday afternoon last from 4 to 6, the chief performers being Miss Lampmann, the great pianiste, and Miss Drummond.

Mrs. J. A. Seybold gave an At Home last Thursday afternoon.

The amateur minstrel performance that is coming off at the Grand on March 21, in aid of the Lady Stanley Training Institute for nurses, will assuredly be a great success. The cast numbers some thirty of the best male voices of the city, among whom are a son of Lord Stanley and the A. D. C.

BARRIE.

The Thespians are expected to play next week in the Town Hall. They will be sure to be greeted by an appreciative audience, as on former occasions.

On Saturday evening, March 8, Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler gave a small dinner party for a few friends.

Rev. Canon Reiner spent last Sunday in Orillia and was the guest of Mrs. Greene.

Mrs. Clifford Thomson has returned home after making a very pleasant visit in New York.

Mr. E. Dalkin left for Quebec on Friday, March 7.

Rev. R. W. E. Greene, incumbent of St. James' Church, Orillia, was in town last Sunday and was the guest of Mrs. G. J. Mason.

Miss Hornsby has returned home from Toronto, having made a very enjoyable visit with relatives there.

On Thursday, March 6, Mr. J. McL. Stevenson entertained the gentlemen's whist club. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

Mr. W. Bennett, reeve of Midland, was in town last week.

Two small card parties were given recently for young people.

Mrs. George Raikes and child have returned from England having spent a few months with relatives there.

It is rumored that several dances and At Homes will be given at Easter, so many of the young people are looking forward with delightful expectancy for these galeties. Lent is being very well observed, nothing of any consequence has taken place in the way of gaiety during this season.

Mr. F. H. Lauder of the Bank of Toronto has been transferred to another branch. On the eve of his departure, March 10, a number of his gentlemen friends entertained him to a farewell supper at the Queen's Hotel. He has been in town for four years and has made many friends in both social and musical circles who will miss him very much.

Colonel Otter of Toronto was in town this week.

An Imperial Federation meeting was held last Tuesday night in the Foresters' Hall. Colonel George Denison and Mr. Clark were listened to very attentively by an appreciative audience.

Mr. J. Clark while in town was the guest of Mrs. Daniel Spry, and Colonel George Denison of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Rogers.

OCULAIRE.

SIMCOE.

Mrs. W. McCall gave a charming At Home to her young friends on Tuesday evening of last week. Her artistically furnished house is particularly adapted to anything of this kind and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Those present were Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale, Miss Wilson, Miss Toms, Miss Brook, Miss Matthews, Miss Gordon, Miss Crosbie, Miss Hayes, Miss Taylor, Miss Charlton, Miss Evans, and Messrs. Mackenzie, Kilgour, Hillyard, Wilson, Hornibrook, Lamprey, Grasett, Tisdale, Wallace and Curtis.

Mr. Douglas of the Bank of Commerce, Brantford, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Letta Nickerson is home again after spending a few weeks in Woodstock.

Miss Mary Toms has returned from a short visit to Brantford.

ENMO.

A Cold Day For Terrapin.

Honoran (dropping the last one out of the window)—Th' butcher-boy 's after playin' wan o' his jokes on me, Ma'am. He left a basket in th' basement wid six o' these lizards wid boxes on their backs, t' frighten me.—*Puck.*

A New Style of Vehicle.

"Is Mr. Brodley in?" asked the visitor.

"He is not, sorr," responded the Irish servitor, "sure, he won't be back till eleven."

"Where is he now?"

"He's gone to take a ride in his interim."

"In his—which?"

"In his interim—so he said. Sorra a wan of me knows fwhat it manes, but it's a fashionable name for a buggy, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago he says to me, 'Michael, I'm expectin' Mr. Gallicks here this mornin', but it's likely he won't be along for a fwhile yet so I'll jist go down town in the interim,' sez he, and with that he drav aft in the buggy. They do be havin' new high-toned names fur everything them times."—*Mercury.*

"Your mustache is so funny!" remarked Miss Amy to her fiance.

"How so?" asked the latter, who was sensitive to criticism.

"It tickles me."

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Births.

BUTCHART—At 14 Borden street, Toronto, on March 10, Mrs. R. Butchart—a daughter.

FIRSTBROOK—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. John Firstbrook—a daughter.

HEBDEN—At Montreal, on March 7, Mrs. R. Y. Hebden—a son.

McKEE—At Chicago, on March 3, Mrs. R. J. McKee—a daughter.

MANN—At Georgetown, on February 25, Mrs. Andrew Mann—a daughter.

HOLMES—At Toronto, on March 9, Mrs. W. H. Holmes—a son.

CURTIS—At Toronto, on February 25, Mrs. William Curtis—a son.

HAFFEY—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. T. K. Haffey—a daughter.

FERGUSON—At St. Thomas, on March 8, Mrs. F. H Ferguson—a son.

McBRIDE—At Berlin, on March 8, Mrs. Arthur B. McBride—a son.

BATLEY—At Toronto, on February 25, Mrs. W. Braybrooke Bayley—a daughter.

MACLENNAN—At Whitby, on March 10, Mrs. Kenneth Maclennan—a daughter.

CHARLTON—At Weston, on March 12, Mrs. W. J. Charlton—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACARTNEY—EYNON—At Toronto, on March 11, J. L. Macartney to Carrie Evaline Eynon.

BAKER—HOLDERSHAW—At Reach, on March 5, Peter Baker to Martha Ann Holdershaw.

FRANKS—REID—At Chesley, on March 4, Rev. David Denton Franks to Letitia Reid.

JOHNSON—THOMPSON—At Toronto, on February 28, J. W. John son to Jennie Thompson.

MOFFATT—MONAGHAN—At Toronto, on March 12, Kenneth O. Moffatt to Kathleen Marie Monaghan.

LIDDEL—ADAMS—At Toronto, on March 12, Henry Liddell to Jane Chalcroft Adams.

Deaths.

MILLER—At Toronto, on March 8, Mrs. Alice W. Miller, aged 62 years.

VOGAN—At Toronto, on March 9, Joseph Vogan, aged 44 years.

FOY—At Toronto, on March 9, Thomas R. Foy, aged 33 years.

BEITH—At Whitby, on March 6, infant daughter of Wm. Beith, aged 21 days.

JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on March 6, Mrs. W. F. Johnston, aged 40 years.

LOUNT—At Hamilton, Mrs. George W. Lount.

LOCKHART—At Toronto, on March 7, Mrs. John Lockhart, aged 61 years.

McKEE—At Chicago, on March 6, infant daughter of R. J. and Alice McKee.

STRAUS—At Toronto, on March 7, Mrs. Caroline Strauss, aged 67 years.

COCKBURN—At Greenville, on February 15, J. P. Cockburn.

GRANT—At Gravenhurst, on March 2, D. J. Grant, M.D., aged 54 years.

TURNBULL—At Hamilton, on March 6, Henry Turnbull, aged 64 years.

SHEAHAN—At Toronto, on March 7, Mrs. M. J. Sheahan, aged 33 years.

BOYD—At Toronto, on March 7, Mrs. Wm. Boyd, aged 27 years.

EDDINGTON—At Woodstock, on March 10, James Gillespie Eddington, aged 53 years.

MOORMAN—At Toronto, on March 9, Mary Jane Moorman, aged 18 years.

MORIARTY—At Toronto, on March 10, Mrs. Nora Moriarty, aged 100 years.

CARTER—At Hamilton, on March 8, James Carter, aged 77 years.

ZEALAND—At Hamilton, on March 7, Capt. William Zealand, aged 61 years.

ANGUS—At Toronto, Robert Everard Angus.

KLEISER—At Toronto, on March 11, S. P. Kleiser, aged 56 years.

JEFFREY—At Owen Sound, on March 4, John Jeffrey, aged 46 years.

SANDERSON—At Cramahe, on March 12, Mrs. Elizabeth Sanderson.

LESLIE—At Toronto, James Leslie, aged 40 years.

ENGLISH—At Oakwood, on March 9, Samuel English, aged 58 years.

ROBINSON—At Toronto, on March 12, Mrs. M. Robinson, aged 59 years.

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